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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

Weeds are the bane of fields and hatred is the bane of this mankind; therefore offerings made to those free from hatred bring great reward.
(*Dhammapada*, v. 357)

The war of ideologies between Capitalism and Communism has brought about a change in the minds of large numbers who see the evil in both systems. If Capitalism creates and degrades the wage-slave, Communism makes the citizen a mindless machine, enslaved by a small hierarchy of autocrats headed by a political pope. People living under Stalin's rule have forgotten the boons of free speech and free thought and freedom of movement; but people in democracies enjoying these freedoms have their own problems—mental inhibitions, fear of insecurity, and gnawing discontent.

The Way of Life taught by such Princes of Peace as Gautama Buddha and Jesus Christ has been made attractive and practicable for the modern world by Gandhiji. It is but natural, therefore, that there are now a desire and a demand for the teachings of Gautama in the West and for those of Jesus in the East.

The *Gita* can bring the modern man to an understanding of the phenomenon of wars in human history by pointing to their hidden but true cause, and explaining its import. They all have a single root—the psychological strife between the human individual and his constant enemy within himself. The *Gita* enables the modern man to apprehend the profound significance of the Sermon on the Mount; that significance is epitomized also in a single statement of the Buddha affirming the Eternal Law and Religion—*dhammo sanantano*—in Verse 5 of the *Dhammapada*:—

Not at any time are enmities appeased here through enmity but they are appeased through non-enmity. This is the eternal law.

The moral philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount is looked upon by most as impracticable and even

fantastic, because the logic, reasoning and intellectual arguments behind it and implicit in it are not expounded in the Sermon itself. People do want to cease from hatred and to live by love, but in trying to do so they meet with frustration. The preacher of the Sermon on the Mount did not offer—since time was not allowed to him to do so—a reasoned demonstration of the truths which his sweeping intuitions revealed. Gautama Buddha offered to the questioning minds of men adequate and satisfying answers to why and how the Eternal Law should be practised.

> Many of us have the religious sense and disposition, but are not clear as to the object to which this sense is directed. Devotion, to be reasonable, must be founded on truth....In view of the variety of counsel he advised his disciples to test by logic and life the different programmes submitted to them and not to accept anything out of regard for their authors. He did not make an exception of himself.

These are the words of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who has rendered a further service to ancient thought by his new publication—*The Dhammapada* (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London, New York, Toronto. 12*s*. 6*d*.). He has already made a substantial contribution in popularizing Hindu lore in the Occident; and he has also helped his co-religionists to re-orient their religious view-point. This particular publication will render help to the Hindus in ways other than does his volume on the *Gita*. This country most seriously needs quickly to revive her interest in the ethics founded upon the psycho-philosophy of her greatest Master in historical times. As Radhakrishnan rightly points out:—

> The effort to build one world requires a closer understanding among the peoples of the world and their cultures. This translation of the *Dhammapada*, the most popular and influential book of the Buddhist canonical literature, is offered as a small contribution to world understanding. The central thesis of the book, that human conduct, righteous behaviour, reflection, and meditation are more important than vain speculations about the transcendent—has an appeal to the modern mind.

Great books like the *Gita* and the *Dhammapada* need to be popularized. These are not sectarian books for Hindus and Buddhists. They offer instruction to all who are athirst for the immortal waters of Wisdom. The popularizing of the sermons and sayings of the Buddha in the West and of those of the Christ in the East will take us a long way towards the establishment of the one world of which Radhakrishnan speaks. But something more.

Comparative study of such teachings as those in the *Gita*, the *Dhammapada* and the Sermon on the Mount will unmistakably point to the Root Morality of Universal Wisdom. There is only one Way of true living; to walk that Way one needs conviction. Faith belongs to the mind enlightened by intuition.

But "Intuition soars above the tardy processes of ratiocinative thought" and carries within it the benign influence of "the universal Buddhi (the *Mahâbuddhi* or *Mahat* in Hindu philosophies) the spiritual, omniscient, and omnipotent root of divine intelligence, the highest *anima mundi* or the Logos," says *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky.

To practise in daily life the ideas of that universal ethics, the mind has to be educated in their value. The mind needs not only breadth but also depth; only a study of the universal philosophy can bring that gift to the mind. A new layer of the human mind has to be quickened. Study of and meditation on the *Dhammapada* will evoke such intuitions as we possess; simultaneously the mind will be purified and elevated by them so that it will become porous to more, and also profounder, intuitions; such intuitions possess the power to mould the mind to the sublime pattern of the Buddha mind. But how many will make the attempt? The Master has said:—

Few amongst men are those who reach the farther shore: the other people here run along (this) shore.

SHRAVAKA

31st December, 1950.

A GRAVE WARNING

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan's counsel of deliberation, in an interview with the United Press of America on January 7th, should have a calming influence in the present emotional crisis, when ill-considered words and actions seem only too likely to plunge the world again into global war.

He pointed out the futility of the first two World Wars. The first, "fought to make democracy safe," had "made it safe for dictatorship." The second had been fought to defeat Fascism. It had been defeated on the battle field, but had it been defeated in our own minds? And could we be sure, he asked, that a war waged to put down Communism would not result instead in its spread? Modern Western civilization has not taken into account the laws of magnetic attraction, well known in the East from ancient times, whereby one draws to oneself the weaknesses which one harshly condemns in others, or the evils which one would inflict on them. Now, however, that it has been forced upon attention by so convincing a demonstration on an international scale, it can continue to be ignored only by the wilfully blind. Dr. Radhakrishnan's warning that war would not only be suicidal in the present context but would also foster the very ideals it was desired to defeat should give pause to all who would put national or ideological prestige above the interests of humanity.

THE WRITER ON THE ANVIL

[Writing from first-hand experience of factory life, **R. M. Fox,** author of *The Triumphant Machine* as well as of several books on modern Irish history and travel, renews here the plea for the free man in industry which he made in our January 1942 issue. He was writing there on " India and the Malady of Our Time." Since then, the shadow of the factory chimney has stretched further across India. Whether we regard the industrialization of the country with hope or with foreboding, it seems inevitable. If India is wise, however, she will heed the warning here expressed and her writers will lend their support to Mr. Fox's plea, that democratic principles be applied to industry, in the interest of democracy itself no less than in the workers' interest.—ED.]

In discussing the position of the writer today there are two points which come immediately to mind. One is, what the chances are for his personal survival, the other, the opportunity which he gets to express his view of life. Whether he survives or not is of no special interest to anybody but himself, except in so far as he is compelled to warp or distort his view of life to achieve that survival.

Some writers strike a note of challenge, Maxim Gorki, for example, in his autobiography remarked : " I did not come into the world to comply with its demands." Obviously this is an overstatement but it expresses an attitude of mind. The more general view was that expressed by A. E. (G. W. Russell) when he advised me not to work against the grain. A good writer, he said, should understand this as well as a good carpenter. A. E. was not a man to be taken in by conventional lies but he thought it was better to walk round a wall than to batter one's head against it.

My own interest and affection are given to writers who have something real to say, who set out honestly to interpret life as they see it, who are voices, not echoes, not even the snobbish and ghostly echoes of the baronial hall. Those to whom style is more important than subject are probably wise, for it is obviously the manner and not the matter of *their* work that counts. But even with such a consummate master of style as Joseph Conrad it is the undertow of his stories that is significant, the wisdom that he distils from life, drop by drop.

A Polish youth of 17, Conrad journeyed from Cracow to the sea and led the life of a seaman for 20 years. He rose to be a Master in the English mercantile marine. But during all this time, he tells us, he never met another seaman of his race. He broke through the landlocked traditions of his people. A greater victory lay ahead. Until he had turned 20 he did not begin to learn the English language. His first book, *Almayer's Folly*, was not

published until he was nearly 40, though he had been working at it for several years. In his writing he aspired to " the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting and to the magic suggestiveness of music —the art of arts." He desired

> that the light of magic suggestiveness might be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage.

What presumption had this young Polish stranger, handicapped by language difficulties, who was more familiar with the play of the evanescent light which gleamed on the surface of the dark sea than he was with the problems of literature over which he brooded as he paced the deck! We sail with him over strange seas, we meet outcasts in the byways of the world, treading obscure paths. Then we suddenly discover that, for all their surface differences, they are swayed by the same motives of love and hate, generosity and greed, as the people in our crowded cities; they have the same yearning for human solidarity and the same inexpressible loneliness. At the end of the journey we find that Conrad has been exploring the human heart.

His philosophy is not encouraging. His books assure us, amid a wealth of glittering pageantry, that the scales are always weighted against the individual; there is no appeal; each man is confronted with circumstances which attack his special weakness and all that is left is to curl the lip in contemptuous resignation at the unfairness of the conflict, while waiting for defeat. A parallel may be drawn between Conrad, with his ironic note of melancholy, and Thomas Hardy. Both express something of the high pride of the human spirit confronted with inescapable doom; though, in Conrad, man—especially the seafaring man of the unimaginative type—looms larger and the caprice of the sea, rather than the unrelenting cruelty of nature in general is his theme. By an ironic stroke, which Conrad himself should have appreciated, *he* turned the barriers of circumstance into stepping-stones and triumphed over all the odds.

During the early years of the present century another wanderer emerged—in America—as the voice of adventure and courage. He wrestled his way through with his stories of the striving under-world, not divorced from ideas of social conscience and responsibility. Gorki had more poetry in him than Jack London had, though both would have had little sympathy with our bleakly realistic world of the Atomic age. They liked their sunsets and sunrises included in life so we must label them both romantics.

In his *People of the Abyss*, Jack London wrote an unforgettable picture of the London down-and-out's, while in *The Iron Heel* he prefigured much of what is happening in the world today. A poor man, it was his custom to put by as much money as he could scrape up after a voyage,

take a room in a cheap lodging-house, and settle down to write for as long as the money lasted. He clung to the pen like a drowning man clinging to the rocks but his fingers were often pried away by the waves. London belonged to those more indulgent days when his revolutionary social views added a piquancy to his writings. Such views were not regarded very seriously then. The fiction magazines called to him and most of his work belongs to the category of an adolescent dream, with little or no roots in real life.

Tramps, navies, sailors and world wanderers have contributed their quota to literature, for they are able to spread the lure of adventure to interest the stay-at-home's. But the writer who comes from an industrial milieu has not that advantage. The life he writes of is remote from the interests of the general reader. And the factory workers themselves, in spite of "Penguins" and public libraries, are still, in the main, satisfied with the sporting pages or those sensational weekly journals which specialize in recording domestic infidelities. They get their vicarious adventures in this fashion much as the readers of boudoir literature do. In any case, they do not want to read about their own lives and problems. Bernard Shaw once remarked that the death rate in Wapping was more important than a new warship for the British Navy but, he added, no one dared go down to Wapping to tell them so.

Servants have a traditional interest in novelettes dealing with life above stairs and—to even things up—there is a market for "low life" among "high-life" readers. But it has to be spiced up. It is unfortunate that the good, solid readers of the middle class are not greatly interested in the problems of industrial life, for, if our age of social discords and upheavals is to be understood, it is necessary to look at the repressions and regimentation of large-scale factory production. To know why the steam whistle screams we must know something of the pressure behind it.

I began to write about the factory worker after I had specialized in the study of psychology at Oxford. Before then I had been the raw material of the efficiency expert in the factory. Most of these efficiency experts knew nothing about psychology or the human make-up. How could they? These had nothing to do with production. I was concerned with the place of the individual in modern industry and the stultifying, deadening effect of factory routine. The workman tied to his machine is like a dog on the end of a short chain, continually being pulled up with a jerk. His eyes and his mind are fixed on the whirring tools and the essence of the repetitive process is one of rapid manipulation. This feature of modern industry is far more deplorable than any matter of wage adjustment, for it has to do with human adjustments in industrial society.

Some years before the late war began I contributed several articles to *The Nineteenth Century and After* on this problem. In the first, " Youth on the Anvil, " I touched on the destruction of those human qualities of eagerness, curiosity, courage and generosity of mind which the youthful worker brings with him when he enters the factory gate. When he begins to realize that he is only needed to turn a wheel or push a lever he becomes a drudge, not a thinking, advancing human being. Or else he is filled with a consuming bitterness which corrodes his spirit and makes him a willing tool to be used in social or national conflicts.

The factory is the forcing ground for a view of life that excludes beauty, freedom and compassion. In my pre-war study of industrialism I wrote :—

> The factory standard, if it is not corrected, may, succeed in spreading a horrible blight over life as it has already done over the industrial towns. If the advance of a rigid, unlovely utilitarianism goes on it may be that stern justice will be meted out to those lovers of beauty who failed to protest when degrading conditions were meted out to others. Just as people become reconciled to living and working in squalor—of body and spirit—so they come to accept this as the normal and proper condition and, as unconscious victims, become the apostles of ugliness, imposing it by sheer mass weight upon their fellows.

The history of the war and post-war years has underlined the truth of these words. The world is still facing the threat of totalitarian standards. Many liberal-minded and enlightened thinkers have protested against this. But how many have equipped themselves to track this evil to its source, to analyze our industrial standards of mass-produced ugliness out of which totalitarian ideas and methods take their rise ? When the mass of industrial workers are geared to the factory plant they are no longer considered as individuals. They figure as part of the industrial unit, an item of labour cost. In such a setting, human dignity ceases to have meaning. An atom bomb becomes a kind of ball to bowl over a row of human skittles.

For people who enjoy cultivated leisure, who are familiar with good books, with music, drama and art, the safeguarding of individual liberty means a great deal. But for the factory worker who stamps his time-recording card and becomes part of the " works, " the manifold blessings of individual liberty do not seem to be worth much fuss. One great weakness of liberal thought is that it has dodged the application of democratic principles to industry and has taken refuge in political abstractions. Democratic practice must apply to the everyday lives of the people in the workshop if it is to mean anything to them.

How can this be done ? One way to start is to insist on a greater variety of occupation in the workshop and a greater degree of responsibility for every worker in the conduct of industry. It is a relatively

simple matter to train workers to do different kinds of work. The farm labourer, without the aid of wonderful machines, is able to manage a whole range of jobs. It is, of course, much easier to chain each worker down to some simple repetitive process. In general the factory worker is sacrificed to office systems. When he is denied all-round training and has been thoroughly broken in to his mechanical task, he loses confidence in his capacity to go beyond it and becomes an industrial robot, whose mind, as well as whose muscles, may be manipulated to antisocial and non-human ends.

Besides variety of work, more responsibility and a share in workshop control—through works-councils—is another antidote to totalitarianism, which is but another name for robotism, extended from the workshop to the whole of society. In the democratic revolt against militarization in Germany—after the First World War—a system of works councils was established through which the workers had very clearly defined powers concerning factory conditions, the right of dismissal and other matters affecting the workshop. One of the first steps taken by Hitler was to uproot this works-council system and to reduce the workers again to mere " hands. " To imagine that men can be subservient tools in the workshop and independent, alert, responsible citizens in the world outside is to imagine a vain thing.

Is the evil inherent in the very nature of industrialism ? The mediaeval guildists who have urged going back to handicrafts have argued that this is so. But they are mistaken. Modern industry is the means of increasing mastery over the forces of nature in the service of man. But man must be the central consideration. Industrialists have declared proudly that modern industry is based on power. It is also based on men and it is not wisdom to ignore this. The core of the problem is to give to the industrial workers that scope which their intelligence, their aptitudes and their needs demand. Until this is done there will be social explosions. And workers will be prepared to impose the same kind of repressions, which they have come to regard as normal in workshop life, over the whole social sphere.

Some years ago I listened to the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, speaking in Oxford on " The Message of the Forest. " In beautiful words which he knew so well how to command, he contrasted the emphasis on spiritual resources in Eastern philosophy with the slick, enamelled, superficial outlook of Western civilization. He urged that to balance humanity we must not only have the technical knowledge and mechanical skill of the West but also the *feeling for life* shared by the simple and the learned in those places where industrial civilization had not stamped the spirit of man into the mud.

Writers must always stand for the free human spirit. This is a stand which should be taken in the East and in the West. They must insist

that, in industrialized countries, the workshop should serve as a working model of democracy. Those writers and thinkers who ignore the workshop and its problems, while pleading for a freer world, should realize that they are leaving out of account large areas of modern life which can exert the greatest amount of mass pressure for good or for ill. The workshop is the kernel of all our social problems. Once the relation of the individual to his means of livelihood is put on a proper foundation, we should be within reach of solving those social questions which throw up, like distorting mirrors, images of the maladjustments existing in modern industry today.

R. M. Fox

ONE TRUE PHILOSOPHY

[Below we print the message of greeting sent by the Bombay United Lodge of Theosophists to the Silver Jubilee Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress held last December at Calcutta.—ED.]

The United Lodge of Theosophists gladly responds to your invitation and very heartily wishes the Indian Philosophical Congress, assembled at its Silver Jubilee sessions, a great success.

The world is on its way to become one on the plane of knowledge and different schools of learning will be knit together more than ever. We will be able at last to demonstrate that philosophy is neither Continental nor National. The division of outlook now existing between Eastern and Western Philosophy must vanish. And like the Indian Darshanas, Philosophy must present different view-points of but one and indivisible Truth.

Wisdom according to our great Instructor, H. P. Blavatsky, is the Energy which works in all Nature. She states that Nature is Wise and so Theosophy puts forward the doctrine of Pansophia which is fully expounded in H. P. B.'s monumental works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*.

The Love of Truth and Wisdom is not an abstraction, as modern speculative philosophers assume. There is a Power in Nature, and so in Man too, which is the very soul of mind and which is named—Compassion. True Philosophy is the study of that Principle, the Wisdom of Love, that Love which unites the many in the One. It is written:—

> Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal.
>
> The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.

May the future years enable the Indian Philosophical Congress to unearth the precious stones of Wisdom which is Compassion and which will unite the present divided world and usher in Peace, abolishing wars and even the rumours of wars.

THE FILMS VERSUS HUMAN VALUES

[Those who recall the vigorous plea of **Shri J. M. Ganguli, M.Sc., LL.B.,** in our June 1940 issue, for the restoration of the right outlook on womanhood in the West, " Woman Alone Can Save European Civilization, " will find this protest against the film industry's debasing of a sacred relationship prompted by the same reverence for the fundamental social relationships and values. It is a thought-provoking essay.—ED.]

They often tell us in justification of their behaviour and impulsive doings that the age has changed and so they cannot hold to or be ruled by the injunctions and taboos prescribed as beneficial in the days gone by. That may be thought a plausible argument by many, but it has generally left me cold and unconvinced. Have human beings, physically, mentally or sentimentally, really and essentially changed ?

I have looked around, I have moved among and stayed with the masses, I have wandered through the country as a common pilgrim—and I have been touched by the similarity of the people's feelings and emotions, their intrinsic nature, their merits and their weaknesses, their faults and their temptations, their instincts and their reactions, to those described and amplified in the classics and mythologies which we have all read and which have given us so much inspiration and energization.

At times, however, I have asked myself whether another manner of approach and presentation of human sentiments, prompted by a too-much-indulged spirit of utilitarianism and self-interest, has not come to replace the old, delicate sentiment and manner that characterized the classical days. Every little thing is now to be used or exploited for gain. Such a spirit, if not checked and restrained by religious teachings or ethical principles, overleaps all bounds and does not pause to think what it is doing or where it is intruding. It is not that the sanctity of certain things, the sacredness of feelings or of the family relationship was not violated on excited impulse in former days; it was; but the obvious difference today is the unabashed propaganda to gloss over whatever is done. It is good for this or good for that; better to know and to show than to excite inquisitiveness by the cloak of secrecy. What harm can there be in projecting on a screen things that every man and woman knows or does ? It has *educative* effect, besides its element of innocent recreation.

Such propaganda is always ready to support a show that has any box-office value; and no Government, however it may proclaim its trusteeship of the people's welfare, is moved to effective action. Society too, its sensibilities blunted by persistent propaganda, is not disturbed. Thus unchecked and unprotested against

from any quarter, the commercial spirit has freely invaded the sanctity of the softer human feelings which attract and bind men and women to each other, and has started trading on them. No family or social taboos have been left unviolated ; and great ingenuity has been shown in brutally filming the delicacies and weaknesses of the man-and-woman relationship in order to produce " sex appeal " for the masses and to draw full houses.

This is called screen art ; an art, it is claimed, which should, in the national interest, be fostered if a country is not to lag in culture behind others. Governments appoint commissions to explore the possibilities of the expansion of the screen industry and city and even village executives are asked to give facilities for erecting picture-houses in congested areas. If one questioned the wisdom and propriety of all this the Government would not listen ; city councillors would laugh behind the objector's back ; the public, who have become addicted to the picture-going habit, would brush him aside in their rush to queue up before the booking-office.

Thus rebuffed, as he walks along, seeking light on the distant horizon, his vision is obstructed at almost every street-crossing by large, multi-coloured cinema posters on which a man and a woman are shown in such poses as would make any one with a sense of delicacy cast the eyes down. I once saw an unlettered rustic from the country approach and look up at one such poster, then turn quickly away from it with visible shame on his face. He was obviously afraid of being seen looking at a picture like that. But such a sense of shame and delicacy has been discarded by the educated and the cultured people, who do not mind going to a cinema in which even cruder and more outrageous things are shown than are on the posters ; and this in the company of grown-up sons and daughters as well as other relations and friends !

Such a sense of shame and delicacy as displayed by our rustic is not a weakness, but a gift of God which elevates a man from the sensuous level. It is a sign of the inner Self still functioning in him, and pricking him when, in thought or deed, he strays from the right track. Without it, a man is just a lump of flesh and bones activated by physical impulses, insensible to subtler perceptions and unresponsive to the nobler instincts. But it is to this that man, in spite of all that he is blessed with, may be reduced under the stress of modern commercialized art and culture. There are relationships which are better cultivated, not in crude exposure, not under the voluptuous gaze of the public, but in the sheltered softness of privacy, in the celestial shade of exquisite emotions, which instantly disappear at the sight of an intruder.

What is filmed and thrown on the screen is not complete human beings with all their wealth of sensitiveness and emotions, subtlety of feeling and

creative imagination, but only their hard, external crusts, which have to be artificially mechanized into action. The facial make-up with rouge and lip-stick, the unfeeling recitation, with disgusting intonation, of words that were uttered by the heroes and heroines of the classics, the interplay and blending of lights and colours to keep up the fading interest of the house—such and little more can the screen artists think of in presenting their production.

The only other idea that they can have is horribly lascivious poses which may tell on the frailties of the masses, who may thus be drawn into the show; the most abominable caricature of the distinctive human feelings and sentiments. There on the screen the sacred Nature-made man-and-woman relationship is crudely interpreted and brutally exposed to lustful gaze. Its softness and delicacy, its ethereal cover of sweet and hesitant bashfulness, its indescribable thrills—all these are trampled under foot and out of the industrial operations through which they are turned and hardened into showable things emerge overdone masculine and feminine forms that can only physically pose and make a show of mutual attraction by all manner of vulgar touch and approach.

When you read the classics, when you visualize the great living creations of master hands, when you follow their modest meeting, their sweet, romantic approach, the nervous ups and downs in their hopes and dreams, their hesitant steps towards the coveted land, their prayerful faces or the mingling of their tears of joy and fear, you see before you men and women who elevate you from your environmental level and bring back images of the divinity that in us is so often suppressed.

But what is the reaction when your eyes are caught by the ever-present cinema posters or are strained upon the screen? The natural respect and reverence between men and women are completely gone; the sanctity of the tie is polluted, the holiness of family privacy is outraged. Mutual devotion and regard have vanished. In this age of screen art, human values and the divine significance of the human sex relationship have disappeared, and crude physical satisfaction is all that is looked for in the relationship between man and woman.

There are some people now who are interested in bringing in a better generation, better men and women. How can that be possible unless the sex relationship, which is being so widely debased, is raised from this sordid level to the level of dream and romance (quite unlike what passes as romance now) where men and women are moved by undying faith and devotion, by a self-forgetting instinct of surrender, and by deepest love crystallized by mutual reverence.

There are well-meaning social reformers in many fields; some want more fruitful education, some want marriage reform, some want political

and some even religious reform. But in the programmes of them all the striking omission is in respect of screen reform. The film censors and the Government commissions are all obsessed with the idea that in any case the screen industry is not to be damaged. That gives a fillip to the business and confidence to the producers in their exploiting of human weaknesses for monetary gain. No relationship is held sacrosanct. A man and his sister-in-law; the mistress of the house and the butler; the teacher and his pupil; cousins of the same family; a wife and her husband's brother—there is no end to the sinful themes woven round all possible relations by callous, unthinking and shameless hands. Such themes are dangerously and degradingly suggestive to weak minds; but, "How otherwise can the industry thrive and make money?" question the cinema companies and theatre owners.

The Government and all reformers seem to stumble over this question. It is not realized that sex morality which, whatever the film people may say, is shatteringly cudgelled by the film industry, is the core on which human uplift and welfare depend. In the animal world the absence of imagination prevents the violation of natural laws, sex perversion or excesses. In the human world it is the responsibility of all thinkers, farseers and well-wishers of humanity to look to that. On moral purity, on morally pure thinking, on a reverentially restricted relationship between man and woman, depends the solution of many problems: those of peace, of social reform, of industrial adjustment, of international understanding, of individual and national uplift and of the universal feeling of loving and sympathetic brotherhood. For, a pure man or woman, elevated in thought, will be responsive to noble instincts and ideas and, being self-possessed, will not be swayed from ethical teachings, nor easily fall prey to temptations which may lead to this vice or that crime.

Moral weakness easily, if not directly, leads to other weaknesses—intemperance, avarice, covetousness, lying and stealing, etc. The screen industry has definitely brought sex to the fore to a dangerous extent. It has made young boys and girls precocious where sex is concerned, and, by causing most unhealthy hankering and excitement in men and women, has created diseases which doctors cannot diagnose.

It is bad to do a wrong thing; it is worse to try to justify it by pointing to irrelevant side issues which may give the glimpse of a redeeming light. Films may be educative; they may serve divers useful purposes; but all these are mere by-products of modern screen art which is out for gain and which has been commercialized.

J. M. GANGULI

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE TZIGANES

[**Dr. Munir Abdullah Moyal,** a native of Jaffa but of Turkish descent, is a widely travelled student of men and of the current scene. He has presented in our pages several colourful glimpses of peoples and countries he has visited. We publish here his interesting study of Gipsy life and thought.—ED.]

In the course of the centuries several theories have been put forward about the origin of the Tziganes or Gipsies. Some writers have claimed them to be Egyptians, some others, Jews, some others, of Hamitic stock. Philologists have recognized since the late 18th century that there is a link between the Gipsy dialects and the Indian tongues. It is not very many years since a theological student of Leyden, born in Hungary, meeting at the university three students hailing from Malabar, recognized analogies between the language that they spoke among themselves and the idiom of the Tziganes of his country. He established a vocabulary of a thousand words which were understood in a general way by the Tziganes.

As a student of comparative religions, I cultivated the company of some "*Romanichels*" of Southern France, curious to learn whether this Indian descent had impressed its mark upon their religion. No Brahmanic influences could be traced but some faint marks of Mithra's cult are still recognizable. But these people are so lacking in the propensity towards mysticism shared by nearly all matriarchal tribes like theirs that some writers have denied their having any religious inclinations at all.

Their language has a word, of Indian origin: "*O Dewell*" (*Devla*) or "*O Del,*" which can be translated by God, or Good or Great Spirit, something akin to the great Manitou of the Indians of America. They oppose to this the "*Beng,*" or "*Bang,*" the impure Principle who tempts their people. O Del is the Lord of thunder, lightning, rain and snow. As he sends the Tziganes good or permits the Beng to harm them, one can blame him when a prayer is not fulfilled or when a death occurs in the tribe. He is represented as a being of this world and yet beyond it. O Del is respected and feared; his name is invoked in every plight. He is not figured under any material form.

Phuv, or Earth, is that which endures when things mortal wither and pass away. She has not been created, existing from all eternity. This Earth upon which the Tzigane wanders brings him all good but is not adored by him.

The Tziganes feel some bonds between them and the stars. They feel themselves to be in communion with the stars when they drink rain water and the dew. When a new member is admitted to the tribe, his oath establishes between him and

his new brothers the same bonds that exist between the stars and the *phuri dai* or the tribe's mother. Some tribes not yet settled down and influenced by contact with the towns hold the Moon in special reverence. My friend Jean Bazal, Editor of the magazine *V* and a great friend of the Tziganes, has told me that he had observed, when sojourning with them, that the men took off their caps and recited some prayers when the moon appeared from behind the clouds. Of course, he did not ask the reason, for these people are very defiant about all matters concerning their religion.

For the Tziganes all kinds of fairies and spirits dwell upon the earth. They live like mortal beings but in far-away palaces of gold and silver where there is no admittance to men of flesh and blood. All these fairies are young and beautiful so long as they are virgins (compare the cult of Vesta). Over each group of good or evil spirits (numbering always 3 or 9 or another multiple of 3—the lucky numbers of the Tziganes) reigns a *mataya*. Not all stones and trees are inhabited by these spirits but they may at any time enter one of them. When a Tzigane woman is quarrelsome, she is held to be possessed by an evil spirit. These spirits are wont to play tricks upon mankind. When a child is born hunchbacked or his growth is arrested after birth, a black hen is said to have laid an egg in his mother's bosom. But a good fairy appears after birth and protects the child throughout his life. There are also male spirits, the dreaded Kobolds, dwelling in holes. For thwarting these evil influences the Tzigane woman has always some exorcism in stock to practise. She does not understand the meaning of the words but believes in their potency. For instance, the conjuration for driving away the demon of erysipelas is uttered in the Sumerian language: "*Hilka, hilka, beska, beska!*" (Out with you, out with you, evil, evil!) These words have been handed down from mother to daughter for nearly 6,000 years.

These people believe in the evil eye. I can never persuade a vagrant Tzigane to let me take his picture.

One is confronted with complete illogic when studying the Tziganes' tenets. For them there is no difference between miracles and reality, between an object and its attributes. O Del and the fairies are all on the same level. The Tzigane is not very articulate. He feels that on this earth there are beings stronger than he which influence him for good or evil. The fairies accompany him in every walk of life. On the one side we find a unique Del opposed to a Beng without material form; on the other side, the fairies of wind, water, earth and destiny.

At the world's end there is a hereafter. Its entrance is a big hole through which one may enter the earth. If one always follows the setting sun he may reach this point, but he must travel in a carriage drawn by 2 white cocks. He who

speaks about this hereafter must die. After entering the hole one must walk two months in obscurity before seeing any light and coming to the black cannibal Emperor. There is no judgment, no reward, no punishment. Certain tribes hold that the world of the dead is on top of a certain mountain, watched by 9 white dogs. One must enter through a cavern. The souls of dead children are carried up this mountain by an old woman. Every Tzigane, on his death, enters this kingdom of his ancestors' souls that bring an influence to bear upon this world. The revenge of the dead is to be dreaded. They are carefully watching over the old customs and the tribe. One must revere them. When a Tzigane takes a solemn oath by the dead he is believed by his fellow tribesman. According to the law, if this oath turns out to be false, he must be put to death. He may lie to a *gadzo*—a non-Tzigane—but not to his brothers.

There is no speculation about the hereafter; the Tzigane is convinced that he will spend there much the same kind of life as in this world. This life is acted upon an undying and never-changing stage; after their worldly vesture is decayed, they will go on living. In the hereafter, they will remain for ever young and strong. So for them the dead are still living. The soul that had dwelt in a corpse tarries for a long time around its earthly abode, its kith and kin. One must not make it too difficult for the soul to depart; on the contrary, it must be persuaded to rejoice that it has left the body. For the Tzigane, therefore, funerals are occasions for merry-making. Certain tribes put a little coin in the mouth of the dead; I could not find out why.

If the dead is feared to be a *tsohano* (a vampire), the corpse is cut to pieces lest the vampire suck the blood of those left behind him and so draw them into the hereafter. Death cuts off the Tzigane from the community of the living. If a member of the tribe grows very old, they see in that longevity the hand of the fairies who have permitted him to triumph over the schemes of the evil spirits. Therefore the old are held in reverence. An old woman is deemed to be in touch with the spirits. She is clairvoyant and can foretell the future. This *phuri dai* is the chief of the tribe, its counsellor, its physician, its warden of the law, all rolled in one. She believes in the magical virtue of her incantations. In tearing or piercing some object that has been in contact with the being it is desired to harm, she believes that these acts will have the same effect on the being himself; it is a practice of sorcery. This *phuri dai* believes the more in her mumbo-jumbo when invoking her God, but it is far more potent when done in a church where her incantation is "charged" with strong currents. But she may act beneficially; she may restore alienated affection, put an end to quarrels or law-suits and so on. These women dread to meet any kind of priests, for they are

bearers of evil forces, though harmless for themselves.

The Tziganes live only for the present moment; they do not care about the future. They do not discuss what happens; they do not seek for causes; something can be at the same time something else. Dominated by the impression of the moment they do not enjoy any inner life.

When passing through a country, they adopt its religion for convenience sake. They are Lutherans in Germany but on crossing the Rhine they will become Catholics. They prefer Catholicism for the pompous ceremonies and the stately robes of the priests of this religion take their fancy. They like to go to the Catholic churches; it is for them like going to the theatre. There they cross themselves, listen to the mass and even receive the communion. But all these denominational rites are of no importance to them. In their eyes the only marriage is the tribal one celebrated by the *phuri dai* and the elders of the tribe; after that the young couple may or may not seek the church's consecration. If they call a priest at their funerals it is only for the magical character attributed to him. Their children are often baptized and re-baptized in different towns only for the *gadzo's* gifts, but a Tzigane will never stand as godfather or godmother.

The Tziganes deem themselves virtuous so long as they observe their ancestral customs which contain for them all the religious and moral values of life. They do not feel themselves at all bound by any ethical or religious code other than their tribal customs. For them it is no sin to lie to or steal from a *gadzo*, but, as said, it is a sin to lie to a fellow-tribesman; and also to steal from him. Their moral code can be summed up as " to be true and honest between ourselves and false to the whole world." In certain respects the Tziganes have a very strict code. He who commits adultery, who visits a woman in childbirth, who has intercourse with a woman during her period of purification or who eats dog or horse-flesh is declared *melalo*, impure. The Tzigane who has sinned against their law must be brought to judgment before the court of elders who may banish him from the tribe, and that is no light punishment, for these nomads love their kith and kin. When they have committed such a sin or when they want to give a solemn oath, they must fast for a certain period or not eat any flesh. Outside this tribal restraint, they have no sense whatever of sin or of constraint. In a church they may pray to God or Jesus to bless their robberies. They have no intercourse with the outside world other than that which their own interest dictates.

M. A. Moyal

INDIAN TOYS

[**Prof. M. N. Pandia**, who wrote in our May 1949 issue on " Some Aspects of Children's Literature in Gujarati " brings out interestingly here the antiquity and the distinctive overtones of Indian children's " tools of play, " as they have well been called. The surprising thing is not that the Indian child recognizes the symbolic character of its toys, but that there is not more wide-spread recognition that the imagination or the fancy of the child everywhere will inevitably take its toys as symbols and weave stories round them. There is too little recognition of the need for furnishing wholesome seeds on which the imagination can work. Give a child a monstrosity like a Gollywog to play with, and you are setting the stage, perhaps, for mental abnormalities in later life; give him a toy gun and laugh at his mimic shooting of other children, and you are sowing the seeds of disregard for the sanctity of life, if not of active criminality in adult years. The whole subject is one of great importance; Shri Pandia has brought out by implication a few of its aspects.—ED.]

Ever since civilization dawned on the world, man has made efforts to bring happiness and sunshine into the life of that messenger of God—the child. How various have been his attempts in this direction and how successful, is a matter of opinion. But the indisputable fact remains that man has tried since long and no corner of the civilized world need say that it has done nothing for the poor child. Excavations at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa (c. 3000 B.C.) have brought to light terra-cotta toys in the form of animals (rams, bulls, goats), whistles in human shape, carts and ivory games-men.

Recently new ideas have come into existence which have partially altered accepted views; new avenues and fresh pastures have been opened and the child is led into these ever-widening channels of serene and pure joy. Books are written for the child—picture-books, in all the colours of the rainbow; films are produced on themes ever dear to the juvenile heart; libraries are maintained to enable the young folk to garner entertainment with instruction; sections of parks and gardens are made available to them. But these are facilities which every child cannot avail itself of, and every parent cannot, for different reasons, provide.

But till lately (and even now) the child, whether affluent or not, received toys and these brought untold pleasure into his new and growing world. Besides bringing joy unconfined into the juvenile heart the toys helped to keep the child occupied. As a distinguished writer once said :—

It is not what the toy does or how much you pay for it that counts but what the child does creatively with the toy. It is the bored child that sulks or is habitually naughty. A child with

the right tools of play is nearly always busy and incidentally he is also working up a good appetite. Give your child not one great slather of carelessly bought "Christmas toys" but a balanced diet of adequate tools of play and buy at least half of these not at Christmas but during the year.[1]

The toys that lie scattered over the nursery floor could unfold a tale (could they speak) which would tell us much that would be worth knowing and retaining. It is to them that the child unlocks its heart, free from all restraints and all the inhibitions of the man-made world.

These toys are symbolic of the culture of the nation and the time to which they belong; for how else shall we explain the difference between the indigenous toys of different lands and peoples? The toys of India are to a great extent typical of India, her tradition, her economic structure, her art, her religion.

India is comparatively poor and the majority of her population still live in the villages where the sight of the products of the machine, the shadows of tall factory chimneys, the screech of gyrating wheels are happily rare. How can one expect such a land to have such mechanical toys as are plentiful in the industrialized West? Toy-motors, aeroplanes, steamers, air-guns, that break the peace of a Western nursery can, under the circumstances, have no place and little justification in the context of rural India. Besides, India can ill-afford such means of entertainment. But that does not mean that India keeps or ever kept her children absolutely without toys. She found, centuries ago, a suitable substitute, something which harmonized with the country's life and surroundings, thought and emotion.

She gave her children toys made of clay, of paper, of sugar, of wax, of metal, of wood, of cotton, of ivory, of stone—each in delectable hues and in the shapes of all sorts of things which the Indian child would ordinarily know or find. These toys would possess human forms, or resemble domestic utensils, or take on bird-like patterns; there would be balls, rattles, swings, dolls, carts—all of such (though limited) variety as would make the child know its surroundings better. These toys would be sold at fairs, at temple bazaars, at festival places and could be had very cheaply. This is characteristic of Indian toys. For a small sum, such as an average peasant or villager can conveniently afford, he would be able to bring unlimited joy into the life of his children.

Moreover, these toys have another significance. Not only are they cheap, elegant and non-mechanical, but they sometimes carry rich and beautiful associations with them. In addition to their unquestionable artistry (the toys of Saurashtra and Gujarat are an evidence of this) they tell a tale centuries old to the Indian child, open his mental eye and enlarge his spiritual horizon.

To the Indian child, a ball or a

[1] L. S. Golds Bowing in *The Reader's Digest*, December 1949.

doll (particularly when the latter has the form of a deity) speaks a language and tells a story which few other toys can aspire to. The Teddy-bear, the Gollywog, the velvet Brer Rabbit can never speak to a child as the ball or the divine doll speaks to the Indian child.

The ball (it may be made from cloth, paper, wood or clay) immediately carries the Indian child back to the Eternal Child Krishna who played with his ball on the banks of the Jumna and followed it into the river when the ball fell into it; the sequel is familiar to every boy and girl in India; how the Divine Child challenged the serpent of the river to fight him and how, by defeating him, he spread peace and security all around—these divine "pranks" have been the subject of many poems and the legend has been immortalized in story and song by Narsinh Mehta and others. Similarly the doll is the repository of another rich legend, that of Mirabai. It is said that when she was a child her mother gave her as a doll the image of a divine being and, as small girls do sometimes, Mirabai played at "marriage" with the doll and considered it her husband. This doll was an image of Giridhar Gopal and she considered herself His lawfully wedded wife. When in the course of time she grew up and the question of her marriage arose she surprised all by telling them that she was already married—to God. Nobody of course accepted this claim of hers and she was wedded to the Rana of Mewar and Chitor, to the unhappiness of both. But she still considered herself "the bride of God" and ultimately she left her husband's residence for Dwarka where she merged herself into the Divine. This tale of simple, unshakable, profound faith and devotion is familiar to Indian children playing with dolls. Thus Indian toys carry with them a spiritual radiance and association which, it is felt, is typical of this land alone.

How old these toys may be, what the children played with in times which are now only a dim memory, if even that, none can tell. But looking back across the abyss of time one can still hear of a few from Sanskrit literature.

That balls, dolls and toy carts have an ancient ancestry is very clear from Sanskrit dramas and poetry. One of the plays of the Sanskrit dramatist Shudraka,—some believe it was his only one—is entitled "*Mrichhakatika*," which means a clay cart. This play, dealing with Charudatta and Vasantsena, clearly reveals the presence of such toys in the days of the poet Shudraka. Even in Kālidāsa there are a few references to contemporary toys and from these we can say that there were balls, dolls, etc., even then and he lived in the Golden Age of India, in the times of the Guptas, *i.e.*, about the 5th century A.D., according to A. B. Keith, the renowned Sanskrit scholar. Some place his date even earlier, as early as 56 B.C. Be that as it may, references to toys are found in his

works and we shall content ourselves with quoting a few of them.

In *Kumarsambhava* (Canto 1, Verse 29) Kālidāsa describes the Goddess Parvati as she was in her girlhood. He says that on the sands of the River Mandakini, amid sand-castles, she played with balls (*Kanduk*) and dolls (*Krutrimputrak*) in the company of girl companions. In *Shakuntala* we hear the heroine asking her friend Sūvratā, to fetch the coloured earthen peacock (*Varnachitritaha mruttika mayuraha*) from her hut and to give it to the boy, Bharat.

Thus, it is proved that the art of toy making and the finer art of dying toys in pleasant hues was known even in ancient India. These toys were made of clay. India has always liked to meditate on things of the Spirit, beyond the range of the mortal eye. Ancient India saw that our physical body itself was also clay and so some poets have referred to human beings as clay toys, leading their own pageant till they are put back into the box whence they came. Today the famous poet, Avinash Vyas, has written on the same theme.

Indian toys are thus unique in their intrinsic qualities—their cheapness, their non-mechanical yet colourful and artistic construction and, above all, their typical autochthonous and religious associations.

M. N. PANDIA

STRENGTHENING THE WITNESS TO TRUTH

Below we print the opening portion of the paper presented by Shri Gurdial Mallik at the Fellowship of the Friends of Truth held at Hyderabad Deccan last December :—

Be thou a witness, such is the spiritual prescription of one of the ancient Indian schools for integrating the aspirations of the soul for the Oversoul into compact human character and concord. But witness to what? To the wonders, wisdom, will and workings of the Oversoul or the Being Higher than himself, of which every created existence is instinctively, intellectually or intuitively conscious. This Being Higher than himself is what the Quakers call "That of God in every man." How do we come, however, to a perception of this, "That of God in every man," which, for all practical purposes, is man's conception of Truth? By a threefold path: Reason, Right and Righteousness. Reason, which is more than mere sense-perception or mind, enables an individual to acquire a correct comprehension of situations in the context of which a person works or a problem is worked out. But only a correct rational analysis of the background is not enough. The quality of the background or of the being acting against the background has also to be adequately assessed. And this can be done with the aid of moral comprehension or the sense of Right. And what is both morally right and logically correct is Righteousness.

THE DIAMOND PATH

[**Bhikshu Sangharakshita**, the English Buddhist monk resident in India who made several illuminating contributions to our last volume, writes here of the essential unity of all things and beings, of the perfect and imperfect aspects of each, and of the possibility of directing creative energies towards self-transcendence, a technique of sublimation or of transmutation of mundane feelings into " the pure gold of transcendental experience and intuition. " It will be noted that the writer is explaining " the Tantric Buddhist teaching in its purity. " That it has another side in which human weakness is exploited, not transcended, is only too true. One quotation may be given from *The Theosophical Glossary* of Madame Blavatsky, in which it is stated that the " mystic tantras and mantras " of the 6th-century Asamgha, " his formularies, litanies, spells and mudrâs, would certainly, if attempted without a Guru, serve rather purposes of sorcery and black magic than real Yoga. "—ED.]

The doctrine that the conception of a separate soul, self or ego-entity, is illusory forms, negatively speaking, the ultimate plinth and foundation of the entire vast superstructure of Buddhist philosophy and religion. Every precept of ethical behaviour, each prescribed method of meditation and higher spiritual practice, is directed towards the eradication of that sense of separateness which seeks to build up " narrow domestic walls " between its own small individual life and the vast universal life which flows on all around it. Nothing in the material or spiritual universe exists in complete, or really even in partial, isolation from the remainder of that all-embracing whole of existence of which it is so integrally a part. To shut one's eyes to this supremely important fact—the positive expression of the negative doctrine of *Anatta* or selflessness—is deliberately to deprive oneself of that insight into the mutuality and interpenetratingness of all things which is simultaneously the secret of liberating Wisdom and of redeeming Compassion.

> Nothing in the world is single,
> All things by a law divine
> In one another's being mingle,

sang the poet Shelley in a moment of inspiration.

Every individual thing continually transcends the limitations of its own individuality by reflecting in the depths of its being the image of every other thing in the universe. The very content of its own " individuality " cries out against the lie that it is alone. By the very mouth of selfhood is blabbed out the secret of selflessness. It was not merely in hyperbole that the poet-seer spoke of seeing the world in a grain of sand, heaven in a wild flower, the universe in the palm of his hand, and eternity in an hour, but with all the stark literalness of real mystic experience. The highest things are reflected in

the lowest.

Nirvana or Buddhahood is reflected in the heart of every sentient being as the *Bodhichitta* or Thought of Enlightenment, in the development of which, to the utmost limit of its potentialities, the career of the Bodhisattva essentially consists. Similarly, the ignorance and suffering of all sentient beings are mirrored in the very heart of Enlightenment, which is the philosophical explanation of why the Bodhisattva, even after attaining his " Nirvana, " continues to work for the salvation of the world. All things in the universe are, in the philosophico-poetical language of Asvaghosha, perfumed as it were with Suchness (the ontological aspect of Nirvana or Buddhahood) just as a garment is made fragrant by the intangible scent of flowers. Every single thing in the universe, however mean or insignificant it may outwardly seem, bears deep within itself, as the truest and most essential part of its being, the trace of absolute purity and perfection. This is the famous Jewel which the great Sanskrit mantra : *Om mani padme hum,* so beloved of the people of Tibet, informs us lies hidden in what is, microcosmically speaking, the heart-lotus of every being, and what is, macrocosmically speaking, the world-lotus of existence itself.

Thus it is possible to analyze every single object in the universe into an Absolute, Nirvanic or perfect aspect, and a relative, *Samsaric* and imperfect aspect. In Tantric Buddhism the former is often spoken of as the *Vajra* or Diamond aspect of existence. Everything possesses a Diamond or Noumenal aspect corresponding to its material or phenomenal aspect. Corresponding to the simple earthly flower springing up from the soil there is a transcendental Diamond Flower, which is that aspect of the flower in which it is perfumed by, or in which it reflects and is reflected by, the reality of Suchness.

Similarly, as the transcendental aspect of our fickle and unsteady mundane mind there exists the mind which is " as firm and pure as flaming diamond, " the *Vajrachitta*—human personality in its highest possible aspect of freeness, mutuality and interpenetratingness with regard to all other things in the universe. That highest and most real aspect of existence in which everything interpenetrates every other thing, and wherein everything reflects, and is in turn reflected by, every other phenomenon (offering no obstruction to each other whatsoever, like the mutual interpenetration of innumerable beams of coloured light), is called the *Dharmadhatu,* the Realm of Truth, or the *Vajradhatu,* the Diamond World.

The Bodhisattva aspires to live in this world, the world of realities, instead of in that presented by the ordinary mundane consciousness, the world of illusions. This does not mean that he tries to run away from this world to some other world supposed to be existing on the other

side of the universe. The so-called objective universe exists only in relation to our own minds: it would be more correct to say that the world exists in us than we in it. Consequently, real change of place can be effected only by a radical change of mind, that is to say, by a transformation in the state of consciousness of the subject. The Bodhisattva transports himself from the realm of mundane existence to the Realm of Truth, the Diamond World, by realizing that the two worlds are in reality one world, and that all he has to do is to give up perceiving things in their illusory aspect of separate, mutually exclusive realities, and to learn instead to perceive them in their Absolute or Diamond aspect as the parts of a perfectly interpenetrating Whole.

The spiritual life does not consist, as it is so often mistakenly supposed to do, in the mere denial of, or flight from, the things of the "world" to the things of the "spirit," as though the latter stood over against the other or looked down upon them with a fierce scowl of irreconciliable opposition. This kind of attitude results only in repression and in all the evils which are inevitably attendant upon repression. All systems of spiritual culture which are founded upon a dualistic philosophy ultimately create a split in the psyche, with the result that the total energy of the individual is expended in the exhausting struggles which are continually taking place between the "higher" and "lower" aspects of the personality, instead of being devoted exclusively to the realization of Nirvana.

The problem of the spiritual life is essentially dynamic. It consists not in the understanding of spiritual truths, but in integrating the dissipated psychic energies of the individual for achieving the realization of those truths. The Tantric Buddhist system of spiritual culture, being founded upon a non-dualistic (though this does not mean upon a monistic) philosophy, neither creates conflict in the psyche nor dissipates its psychic energies. It teaches the devotee neither to fight with nor to fly from mundane things, but simply to view them in their Absolute or Diamond aspect.

The Bodhisattva should feel that he is really all the time living in the Realm of Truth, the Diamond World, and that it is only the blindness of his ignorance which prevents him from realizing this fact. He should try to view all the important relationships and experiences of life in their noumenal aspect, feeling, even though he cannot clearly perceive, that the mundane things in the midst of which he lives and moves and has his being are simply the ghostly shadows of those bright realities which collectively make up the Diamond World of perfect mutual interpenetration. However gross the relationship, however mundane the experience, the Bodhisattva knows that the Diamond aspect of it is there all the time, and upon this he therefore seeks to direct his gaze; this he

strives to develop and cultivate so that it gradually absorbs all the psychic energies which were formerly sucked in by its mundane counterpart.

The Tantric Buddhist religious discipline has not hesitated to cultivate in this way even the relationship which, in its lowest form, is based upon sex desire. Instead of denouncing relations based on sex as sinful and demanding the complete inhibition of sex feeling, it exhorts the aspirant to understand and develop the transcendental or Diamond aspect of these feelings. Even in ordinary sex attraction there is often present a quality of self-sacrifice or self-abnegation which helps to sanctify it. If this aspect of the relation in question is cultivated, the creative energies usually absorbed in the gratification of desire will be liberated in the direction of self-transcendence. This is not for one moment to suggest that the Tantric Buddhist teaching in its purity encourages the physical gratification of sex desire. It merely states the way in which that desire, and even its gratification, can be dealt with so as to make for liberation instead of for bondage. A famous Tantric Buddhist verse declares that the yogi is liberated by those very practices by which others are bound. It is important to remember, however, that such practices liberate him only to the extent that he succeeds in cultivating the element of self-transcendence which they contain, and bind him to the extent that he indulges in them like any ordinary mortal.

A love-relation which involves sensuous gratification of any sort can carry the aspirant along only the most elementary stages of the Diamond Path. But a passion as intense and pure as that of Dante for Beatrice involves such an immense concentration of psychic energy that when the phenomenal aspect of the loved person is swallowed up in the transcendental Diamond aspect, this concentration of energy is released with a velocity so tremendous that the whole personality of the lover is lifted up and carried far within the boundaries of the Diamond World. It will be noted that in this system of spiritual discipline it is the sublimation of the love-relation with another human being, not the cultivation of such a relation with a mythological personage or an imaginary deity, which is sought. For, in common with all other schools of Buddhism, the Tantric considers the conception of an anthropomorphic creator-god to be an illusion, and hence a source of bondage, so that no practice based upon belief in the reality of this illusion can be a source of liberation.

Another emotionally rich and important sphere of human activity and experience is the æsthetic. It has been recognized even in the West (by Schopenhauer) that all great Art contains an element of self-transcendence akin to that which constitutes the quintessence of religion. When this element of self-transcendence is consciously cultivat-

ed in poetry, in music, or in painting and sculpture, instead of the element of mere sensuous appeal, Art ceases to be a form of sensuous indulgence and becomes a kind of spiritual discipline, and the highest stages of æsthetic contemplation become spiritual experiences. This is, perhaps, the chief reason for the truly tropical, iconographical richness of Tantric Buddhism. A system of spiritual culture aiming at the concentration and canalization of emotion, which is the precious life-blood equally of religion and of Art, and which, moreover, professes to develop the transcendental aspect of every variety of human experience, can hardly fail to be applied to such a vast and legitimate sphere of its activity as that of the fine arts.

The spheres of the love-relation and of æsthetic experience are but two of all those exploited in the interests of the religious life by the Tantric Buddhist system of spiritual culture, a system which aims at revealing the transcendental aspect of every phenomenon of human consciousness, and which thereby seeks to disengage the psychic energies from the multiplicity of empirical objects over which they are normally dissipated and to liberate them in the direction of Enlightenment. But these two important examples are sufficient to illustrate in a general way the spiritual alchemy by which the dress of mundane experience is transmuted into the pure gold of transcendental experience and intuition. Through this alchemy the Great Work of Enlightenment is accomplished, and the Bodhisattva traverses within the depths of his own mind the Diamond Path which leads from the mundane world of separative and mutually exclusive existences to the Realm of Truth, the Diamond World, the world of the perfect mutuality and interpenetration of all things.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

PHILOSOPHY AND NATIONAL SERVICE

Below we print the message of greetings sent by the Indian Institute of Culture in Bangalore to the Silver Jubilee Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress held at Calcutta in December last :—

In response to your request, I am sending you, on behalf of the Indian Institute of Culture, our best wishes for the success of the Silver Jubilee Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress.

We thank you for inviting the Institute to send a representative and we are fortunate and happy that one of your Delegates, Shrimati Sophia Wadia, who is one of our intimate helpers, will fulfil that task.

In greeting the Delegates assembled and in congratulating them on past achievements, may I express the hope of the Institute that the Indian Philosophical Congress may grow to its full stature, serving the nation in ways truly worthy of the Lovers of Wisdom.

Our Institute would welcome the help of the members, friends and admirers of the Indian Philosophical Congress in educating the Man in the Street of Humdrum Life so as to enable him to leave it and take to the Highway of Purposeful Living, founded upon Wisdom and reared upon Service.

Greetings of congratulations for the past, of wishes for the success of the present sessions, and of hopes for the future.

A VISIT TO SAN MICHELE

[**Mr. Z. A. Grabowski,** Polish novelist and critic long domiciled in England, whose book, *Your Undiscovered Island,* was recently published in London, has contributed several essays and pen sketches to our pages. He writes here of his visit to the aging and almost blind author of the delightful *Story of San Michele,* who has recently died.—ED.]

Dr. Axel Munthe, once a famous Swedish physician and later on the even more famous author of *The Story of San Michele,* died in 1948 in the Royal Palace of Stockholm at the ripe age of 91; and millions of readers of his enchanting work were saddened by that news.

I often wondered what was the real secret of the tremendous success of that book, which had run into some 65 English editions and been translated into over 30 languages. Of course, Dr. Munthe was quite a personality and the magic touch of it was present throughout the volume. He had a full and varied life, he met illustrious people, he conversed with the great and eminent of the day. His book was a delightful mixture of the serious and of the light, of drama and of comedy; he had this spontaneous attitude towards people, whether rich or poor, high or low. He was a fashionable doctor but the slums and poverty were not alien to him. He had plenty of sympathy for the human being and a poetic eye. And, of course, choosing a powerful medium, the English language, he was assured of quick recognition and success.

But still all these elements combined could not explain the popularity of his *Story of San Michele.* I suppose that the real, the innermost reason for the success of his work was the fact that in it he related the story of a dream fulfilled. He was a man possessed with the desire to build a house on Anacapri, on that magnificent spur of rock over the sheer precipice, from which one can watch the expanse of the incomparable sea and in the night count the lights being born in the gulf of Naples.

Munthe was a man possessed by his dream and he had the great fortune of seeing it fulfilled. But how many people cherish in their heart of hearts such a secret dream? Millions upon millions. And without the fulfilment of their dream they will consider their life *une vie manquée.* Millions strive to have the dream of their life fulfilled; but not so many achieve what they have wanted.

Munthe's book made a direct appeal to this eternal longing of humanity for the fulfilment of its dreams. And in many cases this dream—especially with the harrassed town dwellers—is a quiet house, with a lovely view, peace and the friendliness of nature. Munthe expressed this desire with a convincing

force. Hence his wide appeal and his popularity.

But was he a happy man, this strange Swede, drawn—like so many people of the North—towards the glittering Sun of the South? Was he a happy man, this quixotic nature, mixing towards the end of his book *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit*, a touching vision of St. Francis taking into his all-embracing fold our sceptical, shattered modern soul? I was rather fascinated by that problem and I wanted to meet that Swedish physician who had brought solace and consolation to so many people.

It was in late autumn 1931 when, during my stay in Capri, I decided to knock at the door of Villa San Michele. I was received politely by an Italian maid who explained to me that the host was out for a walk but that she could show me round the place. I accepted the kind invitation and I walked round the magnificent villa. It was a dream-house, with every object, every piece of furniture, every lamp, every stucco, most carefully selected. Phœnician, Greek, Roman shards and sculptures, bas-reliefs in faultless taste, a Roman atrium of exquisite shape and shade, fountains playing soft music—all was there. But the loveliest of all was the view from the terrace guarded by an Egyptian Sphinx. I was told by the Italian girl that touching the granite shape of the sphinx brought luck. I touched the reclining Sphinx to please the Italian girl; but I was happy at that time, being young and possessed by so many dreams and on my first visit to Capri.

When leaving the house I almost ran into a tall, slim gentleman in a straw hat; his red hair still fought a stubborn fight against the invading grey and his eyes were protected by dark glasses. "Dr. Munthe, I presume?" I ventured in the famous Stanley-Livingstone manner. He invited me to re-enter his house and we talked in the little atrium. He was holding my hand for a long time, to decipher my age. He asked about the translations of his book into some languages and expressed his astonishment about its success. He told me that unfortunately he could not stay in Capri as the light was too strong for his eyes. He thought that another operation was to be performed on them and that might restore his sight. For the time being he was practically blind.

I told him how greatly indebted were thousands of readers all over the world for his charming book, so full of human sympathy, so finely balanced, so poetic in its core. He replied that he was glad that people received his book in such a spirit; he only wanted to give expression to his dreams and hopes, to depict a departed world. But in the peace of the atrium, in the perfect stillness of the afternoon, he did not give the impression of a man at peace with himself. There was in this man, at that time slightly over 70, an unrest of thought; and I could not attribute it entirely to his blindness, which must have been an

ordeal for one accustomed to such an active life. Here was a man who had achieved his dream; surrounded by beauty, breathing beauty, touching beauty. But he was not happy.

Was he trying to find in that blindness that had descended upon him some way out—to some more distant horizons? Was he fighting against the scepticism of his mind, enquiring whether there was a world outside that wonderful reality of beauty? On my last night in Capri I could not sleep. It was already 2 a.m. and I was still sitting on the terrace of my hotel near Marina Piccola. The night was bathed in moonlight and every minute of that nightly vigil was precious. I looked up the road leading to Anacapri and I located the Villa San Michele. A light was burning in one of the rooms upstairs with a wonderful loggia overlooking the sea.

"Physician of so many souls," I thought, "did you not forget, while trying to cure so many of our hearts, to cure your own?"

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

THE PROBLEM OF MAN REMAINS

Prof. André Siegfried of the Collège de France, a noted French economist, member of the French Academy, lectured at the University of Bombay on December 18th on "The Face of the World after Two World Wars."

He contrasted brilliantly the 19th-century civilization, which had continued down to 1914, with the 20th, from 1918 on. The former had been characterized by facility of movement between the countries, both of people and of goods, by facility of investment abroad and by stability—in tariffs, production costs, conditions of credit, wages and prices. Contractual agreements had been kept and promises to pay had been honoured. It was a century of individualism, of responsibility, of mutual confidence.

Despite protective tariffs the world had been an economic unit. Today the world was compartmentalized; international trade was difficult under the system of quotas and permits; movement between countries was difficult for individuals as well as goods and capital. This was a century of nationalization and largely of collectivization, no longer was the basis individual responsibility. Speed, the god of the century, had abolished isolation, but wider contacts had not always brought better mutual liking. And a complete change in conditions of production had introduced extraordinary complexity into the industrial problem.

The first half of this century had seen tremendous technical advance. Professor Siegfried had full confidence in the ability of science and technology to solve every technical problem, though each such problem solved meant new economic, political and other problems. But *solving the problem of man* remained as the great problem of the latter half of the century—preventing the individual, who was losing his sense of responsibility and of enterprize, from being diminished in capacity and vitality; securing for him freedom of life.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

Worlds in Collision. By IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY. (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London. 384 pp. 1950. 15s.)

I have always believed, in spite of some evidence to the contrary, that a scientist is a man with an open mind—that his knowledge has shown him so clearly how little he really knows that he will not say "I know this or that to be true," but rather "In my opinion this is so." We do well to remember that only a few years ago experts stated that aeroplanes would be useless in war time, and learned physicians shook their heads and said that to travel at 60 miles an hour would be fatal to human beings. Because of the paucity of our knowledge of natural phenomena and the likelihood that today's problems may be crystal-clear tomorrow, Dr. Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision* deserves thorough investigation.

In the United States it has had a stormy passage. One publishing firm, after selling 55,000 copies, transferred all its rights to another firm. I understand also that certain scientists denounced the work and threatened to boycott the original firm of publishers unless they withdrew the book. When Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* first appeared, it caused a somewhat similar outcry from church and laity. Yet it survived.

That Dr. Velikovsky's work is sensational cannot be denied. It is packed with information on the writings, customs and stories of the peoples of the ancient world and it should not be dismissed as merely scientific fiction or a popular best seller (which latter indeed it is.)

My main criticism is that Dr. Velikovsky makes assumptions and then proceeds to argue from them in an entirely one-sided way. He states that in 1940 he had the idea that the "occurrence of a great physical catastrophe in the days of the Exodus, evidenced from passages in the Scriptures," might help to fix a synchronical scale for the histories of the peoples concerned. From this idea Velikovsky began a reconstruction of the history of the ancient world from the middle of the second millennium before the present era to the advent of Alexander the Great. *Worlds in Collision* deals with the last two acts of the cosmic drama, another work, *Ages in Chaos*, is to follow.

In his fervour Dr. Velikovsky is apt to rush to conclusions where a more cautious thinker would cry halt. He refers to knowledge of a century ago as if it were as complete as ours today; he writes of the laws of planets showing their paths to vary, when, obviously, it is *our* laws that are at fault—not those of the planets.

Darwin's work was not the sudden discovery of one man, but the climax of years of patient investigations on the part of many people in different parts of the world.

Velikovsky refers to ancient writings as proof of the truth of his belief in the various catastrophes that took place in ancient history. He ignores the fact that these works contain a mass of nonsense as the result of the wild superstitions of those who wrote them at the time and the state of mind of writers

then. Why assume all this to be true? Velikovsky should remember that there were no communications between peoples such as we have today and no proper records kept. That the sun and moon stood still is surely poetic parlance only and, furthermore, these age-old catastrophes were always made the most of by ignorant priests in dealing with still more ignorant people.

Dr. Velikovsky's book is a mine of information on ancient history. It may be that his conclusions regarding "the comet Venus," the change in the earth's orbit and many other points are untrue, but the work is interesting, entertaining and bound to be popular, for many people like strange things.

A. M. Low

Hereditary Genius: An Inquiry into Its Laws and Consequences. By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S. (Watts and Co., London. xxvii + 379 pp. 1950. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

This book which first appeared in 1869 was well worth republishing. Galton's purpose was to prove by statistics that genius is transmitted "by inheritance; under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of the whole organic world." The Bach family is the greatest representative of this belief, for, although the family reached its climax in Sebastian, musical talent had, as it were, been working up to him for several generations and, subsequently, continued *diminuendo*. Galton wrote in a free-and-easy style not associated in our time with science and statistics. Although he questioned the wide-spread belief that the man of genius usually has a brilliant mother, he admits that this seems to be true of "divines."

He was a pioneer and there is no doubt that in *A Study of British Genius* Havelock Ellis profited by Galton's work; but Ellis was more reliable and more readable. Galton admits that he had difficulty in deciding which persons were sufficiently eminent to figure in his tables: Ellis, in order to avoid personal bias, included only persons to whom the *Dictionary of National Biography* accorded a certain length of space. He found that in ability Norfolk came first among our counties; that clergymen score highly in the transmission of intellectual ability; and that third sons are frequently the ablest members of a family.

Galton's book needs concentration in the reader, and anyone who takes up the book will be completely mystified unless he masters page 46 where the author explains his peculiar "notations" of relationships. It is, for instance, odd to find that "F" stands for the genius's father and "f" for his mother!

CLIFFORD BAX

Quintessence of Gitanjali. By C. C. CHATTERJI. (Nalanda Publications, Bombay 1. 52 pp. 1950. Rs. 2/-)

This is a helpful sequence of ideas based upon Tagore's English renderings of the poems and songs selected from his Bengali works: *Naivedya*, *Kheya*, *Gitimalya* and *Gitanjali* which, published under the title of *Gitanjali*, brought the poet the Nobel Prize. Professor Chatterji's analysis and arrangement may enable the reader to realize what Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji observes in his Foreword, namely, that *Gitanjali*

> reflects in a convincing way the hidden pathway trod by the human soul to find its harmony and its fulfilment that are in God.

G. M.

Some Philosophical Concepts of Early Chinese Medicine. By ILZA VEITH, M.A., PH.D. (Transaction No. 4, The Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. 15 pp. 1950. Re. 1/-)

This very interesting study of the *Huang Ti Nei Ching Su Wên: The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine* from the view of its philosophical content was made by the translator of the most important portion of that work. Her book was reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH for June 1950. Prepared at the Institute's request, Dr. Veith's valuable paper was read and discussed at its meeting of October 5th, and is here given permanent form.

There are analogies to many of the ancient Indian teachings in this treasure of ancient China, as in its stress on the intimate relation subsisting between the universe and man, both being composed of the same elements and functioning along the same principles, and on the indispensability to health of action in harmony with Tao, the Way, whereby the balance of the opposing forces is maintained. Modern psychosomatic theory is clearly stated in this ancient work, by translating which, and by further bringing out in this study its philosophical background, Dr. Veith has earned the gratitude not only of students of the history of medicine, which she teaches at the University of Chicago, but also of students of comparative religion and philosophy.

E. M. H.

Living as a Humanist. Essays by H. J. BLACKHAM, VIRGINIA FLEMMING, URSULA EDGCUMBE, M. L. BURNET, (Chaterson, Ltd., London. 87 pp. 1950. 6s.)

This short book, contributed to by four hands, can quite easily be tackled even by short-winded readers who are generally left behind by long-winded authors (the norm). It contains views on "Why Humanists Reject Christianity and Marxism," "The Sufficiency of the World," "Life Without Revelation," and so on. A reader might therefore expect to learn from the book what Humanism stands for; and I think it is fair to say that he does get a fair idea of the humanistic approach, and that Mr. H. J. Blackham is justified in claiming at the end that they

> have shown that humanism is not merely lack of belief but is a serious and sustained attempt to solve the problems of life out of the resources of experience; and that any one who follows its teaching will not be left without help and without promise but will have the encouragement, inspiration, and guidance of a massive ideal elaborated and enriched by many generations of profoundly human men and women.

The writers do not dodge their respective issues and are sometimes stimulating on that account. Nevertheless it cannot be said that humanism makes a very inspiring theme. On the moral plane we are bound to admit that humanism makes the only sane approach—morality is an art, that is the long and short of it. But on the religious plane there is a difficulty. Humanists appear to hold that on the one side you have religious belief and on the other non-belief, and that the only choice is between these. But the choice is not only between theology and scepticism, but also between theology and mystic experience in its very various forms. In so far as humanists do not allow for this, their approach is impoverished. Religion, if not theology, is natural to most men, and a philosophy of life which leaves this fact out of account can never have a very wide appeal.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

The Life of Mahatma Gandhi. By LOUIS FISCHER. (Harper and Brothers, New York. 558 pp. 1950. $5.00)

Not only the growing wealth of Gandhiana but also world biographical literature is enriched by this important contribution. If fiction is dramatized fancy, good biography is dramatized fact, and it was a true instinct which prompted the naming of this book's final chapter "The Last Act." For in every campaign of the valiant man of peace Mr. Fischer has dramatized the contest between the visible protagonists. More, he has transcended the personal by dramatizing also, without moralizing, the tug-of-war between the invisible forces behind—imperialism *vs.* democracy ("the past of England and the future of India"); bigotry *vs.* tolerance; intransigeance *vs.* conciliation; exclusiveness *vs.* brotherhood; vengeance *vs.* forgiveness; violence *vs.* compassion.

There are delightful touches. For example:—

> Missionaries frequently tried to convert him to Christianity. (He, speaking softly, tried to do the same for them,)...Gandhi never tried to convert Christians to Hinduism.

The wide-spread sorrow and soul-stirring at Gandhiji's assassination prove that not only "Eastern bridges are of spirit." The fragrance of such a life and death, which this book will help to spread, should draw all peoples closer.

E. M. H.

Morals Since 1900. By GERALD HEARD. (20th Century Histories, Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 223 pp. 1950. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

I do not know of any other book which sets out systematically to chronicle the changes in the moral beliefs of the British people during the last 50 years; and, since this is a crucially important task, which Mr. Heard tackles in a telling and challenging way, his book fills a serious gap. Even the reader who is familiar with all the facts assembled can hardly fail to emerge from a reading of the book with a more vivid awareness of the magnitude and importance of the changes in outlook with which the author deals. I wish, however, that he had distinguished more carefully between mere changes in the detailed application of a moral principle, made necessary by alterations in empirical circumstances, and actual modifications of moral principles themselves.

Mr. Heard, however, does more than merely chronicle: he attempts to analyze the various causes (scientific, political, economic, psychological, etc.) which have led to these changes, and to underline the moral problems which call with special urgency for solution at the present day. This indeed, one feels, is his chief concern; for the upshot of his analysis, is, briefly, this: that what he calls the Renaissance outlook on life, inspired by the ideals of a sceptical scientific method, which has dominated our Western thought for so long, has by now reached its self-stultifying climax; and that, if our society is not to perish, we must achieve a more spiritual conception of man and of human life, to which indeed recent developments even in science itself are already pointing.

Mr. Heard has, in fact, given us two books in one—two books, however, which it is impossible to separate, since his own moral creed obviously colours

his chronicle deeply. This is not necessarily a criticism—I certainly do not think that Mr. Heard could, or should, have written his book in any other way—but it does seem to me that we still require a book in which the story will be told more objectively and dispassionately, which we can then set alongside Mr. Heard's.

Mr. Heard writes with a stimulating vigour, but his work is most unfortunately marred by a quite extraordinary number of misspellings and grammatical misconstructions. I think the book is well planned, and it is certainly well stocked with information, but I am nearly certain that it was far more hastily written than it ought to have been.

GEORGE E. HUGHES

Those Human Russians. Compiled by W. R. HUGHES. Foreword by Victor Gollancz. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 128 pp. 1950. 6s.)

At a time of mass-action and devotion to "isms," we cannot too strongly recommend a book which stresses the importance of personal relations. *Those Human Russians* is a collection of humane incidents which occurred during the last war. It will act as an antidote to the hysteria which poisons diplomacy. Of course, no sensible person believes that because some Russians committed horrible crimes in Berlin, they are all disciples of Satan. But when people begin to think as nations, there is a strong tendency for them to do so. A nation that hates is a nation already at war.

We can read between the lines of Mr. Hughes's stories of compassion, the giving of a tin of much-needed fat or a plate of vegetable soup to the starving, more than the kindly commonplaces of human love. We can see the deeper message that peace is something alive within the mind liberated from prejudice. It is not the result of any vigorous military program for the defence or dominion of masses with their minds made up for them, or the collective security of tongues ruled by a Controller of the Spoken Word. Peace is a state of being, and can be brought about by no organization or bureaucratic control.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Way of Mysticism: An Anthology. Introduced and arranged by JOSEPH JAMES. (Jonathan Cape, London. 256 pp. 1950. 10s. 6*d.*)

Mysticism may be described as a meeting of Man with God. The compiler of this anthology of quotations from the mystics of East and West has done well to divide the book into two sections: "God Turns Towards Man" and "Man Turns Towards God." And he has arranged the excerpts chapter-wise in a manner which makes his anthology truly "a pilgrim's progress in spiritual awareness." The assorted sayings and songs of the mystics, corroborate the words of Saint Martin: "All mystics speak the same language, for they come from the same country," namely, that of the Spirit. No wonder then that Ramakrishna, Jami and St. John of the Cross employ almost an identical idiom in trying to express the Supreme Reality.

G. M.

India and China : A Thousand Years of Cultural Relations. By PRABODH CHANDRA BAGCHI, M. A., DR. ES-LETTRES (Paris). Second Revised and Enlarged Edition. (Hind Kitabs, Ltd., Bombay. 220 pp. 1950. Rs. 5/8 and Rs. 4/-)

Into this small book a vast amount of research and scholarship has gone to make it a valuable document. That intimate cultural ties existed centuries ago between China and India is evident not only from historical documents but also from folklore.

Dr. Bagchi is one of the very few living Indian Sinologists, and we are greatly indebted to him for this record of the interrelations in art, culture and religion between these two great countries. In an exhaustive survey he recounts the continuity of this relationship for over a thousand years. The most interesting chapters are the ones on Indian missionaries and Chinese pilgrims and the last two chapters, which are a summing-up of the results of the cultural fusion.

In the section entitled "Taoism and Indian Thought" Dr. Bagchi has rightly argued that Taoism owes nothing to Indian thought, though there are certain similarities between the *Tao Teh King* and the Upanishadic philosophy. Taoism existed long before any known contacts with India.

At this moment, when the two great Asiatic countries are struggling to realize their destiny, this book is welcome, showing as it does how strong are the ties between them.

B. K. KOTTAR

A Short History of the Sikhs, Vol. I—1469-1765. By TEJA SINGH AND GANDA SINGH. (Orient Longmans, Ltd., Bombay. 203 pp. 1950. Rs. 10/-)

Several books have been written on the history of the Sikhs but there is no comprehensive account from a secular stand-point of the part they played from the first in the history of India. This volume begins such an account and the 2nd volume, on the Sikhs' later history, is promised soon.

The foundations of the Sikh character were well laid by their Gurus, who were at once temporal and spiritual guides. The Sikhs' political life and institutions grew out of their religious convictions and national necessity. After over a century of struggle, they gained the sovereignty of the Punjab.

This account by two well-known historians is a balanced one, free from the prejudices and even fanatical tendencies of some partisan writers. The material, consisting mainly of original sources, has been critically analyzed. The texts of the "Holy Granth" especially have been studied with discrimination. Conflicting opinions expressed in Persian works have been taken up and refuted. The account aims at truth while describing sympathetically the Sikhs' life-and-death struggle against social and political tyranny. The Sikh religion is not a system of philosophy but a discipline, which would alone vindicate the national greatness of any community. The successive leaders, called the Gurus, 10 in number, shaped the movement by their healthy reforms, moved by a sense of duty to the nation and the individual.

Part I, describes their lives and achievements, beginning with Guru Nanak, born in 1469 in a Kshatriya

clan, who set the example of a pure life devoted to teaching. Though technically belonging to the Punjab he was of the whole world. We may mention also Guru Arjun whose reform had a wide appeal. During his time the number of Sikhs increased enormously. Guru Gobind Singh wanted to consolidate the Sikhs and to form a sufficiently compact body of pure men to shake off the oppression of priests and rulers. About 80,000 men were baptized within a few days. These baptized Sikhs were to be his Khalsa, inspired by a sense of divine mission to set right the wrongs of the world. He laid the foundation of the present Golden Temple in Amritsar in 1589.

Part II narrates the political history of the Sikhs, and Part III describes the struggle of nearly 50 years between the Khalsa and the Moghals and Durranis. During this period the Sikhs suffered greatly. At last the Khalsa was declared a state and the Sikhs became a sovereign power.

We congratulate the authors on an admirable book, at once readable and authoritative, with a good bibliography and a detailed index.

V. R. RAMACHANDRA DIKSHITAR

The Infinite in Giordano Bruno: With a Translation of His Dialogue "Concerning the Cause, Principle, and One." By SIDNEY GREENBERG. (King's Crown Press, Columbia University, New York. 203 pp. 1950)

The author has given us a clear insight into the workings of Bruno's remarkable mind. He not only discusses the various later interpretations and expositions of Bruno's philosophy, but also considers in detail Bruno's works—"De la Causa" and "De l'infinito," etc., and has given us the first English translation of "De la Causa." Of Bruno's major works, he says, at least 5 deal with the problem of the Infinite. The author writes:—

> Man is directed by will and intellect to the Infinite, which is at once his cause, source, and end....It is the presence of the Infinite in man that compels him to love the Infinite and thereby to become one with it.

Bruno taught that universal form and universal matter were aspects of one eternal Substance, immutable and infinite, and that the unfolding of the enfolded proceeded from the unity of Substance to multiplicity and back. That Substance was "unique and incomparable" and hence inconceivable in itself. The part or the moment might appear as evil, but not the whole or the immutable. The author admirably sums up Bruno's highest teaching thus:—

> It is in the contemplation of the Infinite that man attains his ultimate good....In each individual human being there is a desire to become all things....The fact that there is this desire, and the fact that there is this quest for knowledge, makes mandatory the existence which can satisfy both....Man cannot rest with that which is fleeting or divided; he looks for that which is perfect, lasting, universal and necessary. This is the lesson of "De la Causa" and "De l'infinito."

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

Writers in Free India : Proceedings of the Second All-India Writers' Conference. (The P.E.N. All-India Centre, Bombay. 253 pp. 1950. Rs. 5/-)

This volume reports the full proceedings at the 5-day session of the Second All-India Writers' Conference, held at Benares toward the end of 1947 under the auspices of the P.E.N. All-India Centre. It also contains the papers prepared for the occasion.

Addresses were presented and discussions held on a variety of subjects. These included abstract themes, such as "The Cultural Unity of India," "Freedom of Expression," and "The Attitude of Classical and Modern Writers to the Fundamental Values of Life," along with topics of such practical interest as "The Roman Script" and "How to Save the Writers from Exploitation." There was also a symposium on the progress of the principal Indian literatures, entitled "Jaipur to Benares," covering the period 1945-47, milestoned by the First and Second Conferences.

In this age of chronic crises—racial, cultural, linguistic—a psychological crisis is naturally assigned to the background. But when the crisis reaches the mind and heart of writers, it is sure to find adequate expression. Writers in Free India—those, at any rate, who do not live in ivory towers (many of which towers have tumbled in the post-war storms), have to be seekers in the deep sense of the word. They have to be seekers who must, above all else, find themselves. It would be absurd to claim that strivings for this vital discovery threw a clear image in the narrow mirror of a 5-day Conference. But the shadow is there. It is, within its obvious limitations, a very significant shadow.

The key-word of the Conference, if there was one, may be termed, Unity. This is natural, since the crisis of the spirit to which I have referred has its root in that word. World forces are in a strange state of contradiction. While technical advance reduces time and space and creates oneness, ideology moves both ways, bewilderingly. This is plain, on a miniature scale, in India itself: while the stage is set for unity, centrifugal trends wash over it in bitter waves.

Shrimati Sarojini Naidu touched on this theme in her Presidential address and proclaimed with all her accustomed force: "The only reality is the fundamental and inalienable oneness of humanity." And she went on to point out how that oneness was being thwarted even within the borders of India where "people are so busy hating one another" and the false gods prevail.

All the same, the struggle for reorientation is there, a growing force, and Free India's writers can either be in the vanguard of the conflict or fall back and be doomed to decadence. The next few years will hold signposts of future trends.

The P.E.N. All-India Centre has indeed carried out a worth-while task by publishing this volume at a turning-point of our history.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

While Memory Serves. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS TUKER, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 668 pp. 1950. 25s.).

In a purely military sense the British in India forged a military machine that was second to none. It was a remarkable accomplishment to recruit and train a great, fully mechanized force of some 2,500,000 soldiers in 5 years. In his recent tribute to the British officers and other ranks who were responsible for the building up of the Indian Army, General K. M. Cariappa, C.-in-C. of the Indian Army, told Field-Marshall Lord Birdwood: "We know that the foundations of our army were truly and well laid by the blood and sweat of you all and of all those gallant officers who have gone before you."

The traditions of discipline, loyalty and *esprit de corps* which the British established are nowhere better appreciated than in India.

For an army stationed in and controlling a subject nation, however, impartiality towards the social and political forces at work within the subject country is obviously impossible. That army must promote the interests and security of the dominant nation. In his 33 years' service with the British-Indian Army, Lieut.-General Tuker cherished the idea that he acted and thought impartially, yet his book eloquently testifies to his prejudices.

He has narrated events in India between the years 1945 and 1947, seen, he says, from a "ring-side seat." Riots, demonstrations, the passive resistance movement, the Indian Press, Congress, the Muslim League, strikes, the I.N.A., all combined, as the author admits, to make the British Army's position in India more and more untenable. That was what was intended.

This sense of frustration overflows in the pages of Lieut.-General Tuker's book. It is converted into criticism, insult and even abuse of those great figures in India's recent history, and the countless unknown millions, who dedicated their lives, endured untold suffering, so that India should be free.

Lieut.-General Tuker flogs the communal horse for all it is worth. A picture emerges of an altruistic, peaceful, self-sacrificing and completely disinterested British-Indian Army devoting most of its time, energy and resources to preserving law and order. He describes in detail, at great length and with the aid of some photographs, the violent conflicts in Calcutta, Eastern Bengal, Bihar and Garhmukteswar. If the record of his own countrymen were blameless, his moral strictures would be less objectionable.

In the highly emotional atmosphere of the years of transition much was said and done by people in both countries which, for the sake of the future, is better forgotten. But in this bulky and frequently tedious chronicle of that momentous period as he saw it, the author has preferred to stir into flame the dying embers. It is difficult to see what useful purpose his memory has served.

SUNDER KABADI

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE DYNAMICS OF THE HUMAN BODY"

The potentialities of homœopathy are great. Founded on an immutable law of nature, this revolutionary medical system with a great philosophical background and a magnificent armoury of non-poisonous remedies has unquestionably proved its superiority in successfully meeting the apparently endless variety of diseases. This said, let me endeavour to clarify certain doubts raised by Dr. Bhattacharyya in his article entitled as above in the November 1950 ARYAN PATH about the homœopathic doctrines and the manner in which they are pursued by homœopaths.

"Man is a dynamic animal. His diseases are dynamic forces," Dr. Bhattacharyya writes. Homœopathy teaches that diseases are caused by dynamic (disease) forces and that these forces, together with the reaction of the Vital Force, or *Pran Shakti*, constitute the true diseases as reflected by the morbid symptoms which the diseased manifest. This description of disease is apparently at trifling variance from the first, but the distinction is important and significant.

The Vital Force that animates the human body co-ordinates and maintains the normal functions, imparts to the material structure the fine senses and maintains normal health—mental and physical. So long as this Force carries out its normal operations the "equilibrium" conducive to normal health will be maintained, but the moment the smooth flow of this Energy is disturbed or clogged by a foreign "dynamic disease force" a serious abnormal change takes place. Parts of the body now receive unusual and abnormal sensations, the normal functions are consequently deranged and this condition is called "disease." In this turmoil not only the three elemental forces, *Vat*, *Pit* and *Kaf*, are thrown out of proportion, as evidenced by hard and fast breathing, abnormal bodily heat, increased perspiration or urine, great thirst, etc., but also almost all the elements that go to make the human flesh. This brings us to the familiar theory of Cause and Effect, and it is clearly discernible that the "disturbance of the equilibrium" of the elements is only one of the results—a part of the general disturbance set up by the dynamic disease force and hence cannot be the cause of the disease. Therefore homœopaths search for and attempt to annihilate this original *Cause* of disease in order to effect a cure by symptom correspondence or by consulting the repertory and the vast *Materia Medica*, not knowing which subtle forces are involved.

If the said equilibrium is upset by a faulty diet, the cure will not be found in any *Materia Medica* but obviously in the regulation of the diet. This is a point worth considering.

Dr. Bhattacharyya's statement that homœopaths "do not know the properties of homœopathic medicines" appears unjustified, for their *Materia Medica* is nothing but a collection of the true properties or the dynamic action of drugs on "healthy living

human beings." The application of this knowledge, of course, requires more than average skill and aptitude. "Cough, cold, hard breathing, wheezing, shivering and various concomitant symptoms" of asthma are no doubt common to many remedies as discovered by Dr. Bhattacharyya, but it would be pertinent to point out that many patients with *different diseases, e.g.*, bronchitis, pneumonia, etc., often present almost the same symptoms which, in fact, do not make any sense to a homœopath. A homœopath aims at curing the *patient* with a disease and not any "disease" as such, as conceived in other schools of medicine. The very ordinary symptoms cited above cannot help the physician to perceive the "image" of the "sick man," to compare it with the "picture" of the corresponding remedy to be administered, which is the essence of his healing art. On this ground he claims and establishes individuality for the system he follows.

The Law of Similars is not a poor structure on drifting sands but a firm edifice on solid rock—the result of years of faithful labour and impartial observations.

Dr. Bhattacharyya writes that in spite of the fact that "Homœopathy has existed for nearly 15 decades, still there are today lakhs of asthma patients. Homœopaths have almost no power over this obstinate disease. Many of them are prescribing daily for asthma and failing miserably. Their favourite medicines are generally *Natrum Muriaticum, Arsenicum* or *Kali Carbonicum*. With these medicines it is not possible to cure asthma....Homœopathy possesses the most powerful medicines and sure remedies to overcome this simple malady, but the homœopath does not know how to search them out from his ponderous *Materia Medica*....*Psorinum* and *Medorrhinum* are the medicines against asthma. One knowing the secret cures without even asking a single question or consulting the *Materia Medica.*"

Again he says that "the cures that have been made in the past or that are now being brought about, without these prerequisites," (*viz.*, knowledge and harmonization of the *Tridosha* of the disease, the patient and the medicine), "are only chance cures or the result of a chance harmony."

May I ask how many real cures of asthma have been brought about so far by all the physicians following different schools of medicine? Curables have been cured but the incurables are still struggling to breathe.

Natrum Muriaticum, Kali Carbonicum, Arsenicum and quite a few similar remedies are used not only in asthma but also in anæmia, amenorrhœa, dysentery, diarrhœa, malaria and many other afflictions, but how to use them correctly in so many disorders is the greatest secret of the well-trained true homœopath who, relying on this knowledge, could very well ignore all other secrets. If the countless cures of chronic maladies effected by efficient homœopathic treatment are to be dubbed "chance cures," the whole system may as well be considered a hoax and given decent burial. I mean to imply that the *Tridosha* principle may confirm the homœopathic doctrines but cannot supplement them.

P. N. PAI (M.D., H.)

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[In the last four months of 1950 the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, had a busy programme of well attended meetings. Besides musical recitals by Miss Victoria Kingsley and Mr. John R. Marr, the monthly Kannada lectures and the Ladies' Group lectures, there were celebrations of Gandhi Jayanti, of United Nations Day, of Human Rights Day and of the Balzac and Stevenson Centenaries, and a symposium on "Freedom of Speech," all with the participation of excellent speakers. Six outstanding books were reviewed orally and discussed by the Book Discussion Group, and thirteen stimulating lectures in many fields were given: one on "World Peace" by Miss Muriel Lester, two on the culture of ancient Iran by Rajasevaprasakta Shri R. N. Mirza, two on American literature by Dr. Wallace Stegner, one by Dr. Richard Lambert on "Why Men Hate," two by Representatives of the British Council, Messrs S. E. Hodgson and J. B. Press, on "The English Influence on Russian Literature" and "The Arts and Disintegration," respectively, Dr. Flemmie Kittrell's on "Minority Groups in the U.S.A.," and lectures by Shri P. Kodanda Rao on "Sastry and Smuts," by Sir R. P. Masani on Sufism, by Prof. C. S. Krishnamurti on "India and World Diplomacy" and Dastur Khurshed S. Dabu's on "Whither Civilization?"

There were also four Discussion Meetings based on papers sent for the purpose by distant friends, two of which papers are being published as The Institute's Transactions, Nos. 4 and 5. These are, respectively, Dr. Ilza Veith's paper on "Some Philosophical Concepts of Early Chinese Medicine" and Dr. H. J. J. Winter's on "The History of Scientific Thought with Special Reference to Asia."

We publish here the lecture on a vitally important subject delivered at the Indian Institute of Culture on July 20th, 1950, by **Shri M. C. Munshi, M.A., D.LITT.**, Professor of Industrial Economics at the Indian Institute of Science, under the chairmanship of Shri E. K. Palia, M.A.—ED.]

PUBLIC LIFE

This subject can be discussed from various angles. The analysis which I propose to make is, moreover, not confined to men and affairs in this country, or to our own times. I regard public life as an ordered collective or group behaviour of a people, or their ordered reaction to common questions. I want to distinguish the public from the crowd, from a rabble, which behaves in haphazard ways. The public to which I am referring have a reaction which may very often not be intelligent, but which is purposeful and ordered, even though it may not always follow well-directed channels or always take well-beaten ways. The evidence of the reaction of the public is more

indirect than direct. But, although indirect, the undercurrents are quite clearly marked. I am emboldened to go further and to define public life as *national character reflected in the attitudes of a people.*

If you take this as the starting-point, the subject can be treated in three ways. The *historical* method would mean the study of the common man through all the periods of history; I have yet to come across such a study. The *philosophical* method would involve a sociological analysis of the national characteristics, or a study in social psychology. Adopting the *analytical* method we shall try to take into account those principles, including the historical, which go to determine the group life. These methods are not mutually exclusive. We shall try to take lessons from them all.

Following the analytical method, then, our study will be a rapid survey of the main elements that go to make the concerted behaviour, passive or active, of the people of a country who hold together in a policy, reacting to various forces which either overwhelm them or which they want to control. In other words, we shall try to study the main elements of public life in a representative democracy. For generally it is only in a democracy that public life of the type of which we are speaking exists. Most of us will agree that democracy is the most acceptable political philosophy that we have been able to evolve; but we have not been able to fashion the instrument of its proper working. Nineteenth-century liberalism has not been able to deliver the goods on behalf of the individual, and has fallen prey to the mistake of seeking to conquer others. Therefore, if I confine myself to the representative democracy, I shall assume the well-known weaknesses of a democratic form of organization, but accept them for my purpose.

The best example of a democratic form of government is England. There I find, an exceedingly interesting development. Very often when I study the political evolution of the 19th century, I feel that in the 20th century and especially since the second world war, democracy has become old; it has lost its youth. The democracy which was born after the American War of Independence, and was sung to by Wordsworth, and in the romances of Browning and Tennyson, that democracy, full of beauty, seems to be thoroughly disillusioned in the 20th century. She was wise in one thing in her youth; she had far more trust in God; now she thinks that her heart has been turned to stone by men and world events. That, I believe, is a rough picture of the democracy we have evolved during 150 years with all its imperfections.

Now, the meaning and substance of a democracy are moulded by the character of the public life of a people. A cynic may say that democracy is dead. I ask, "Is our social evolution commensurate with our political progress?" If not, I suggest that it is very essential for us to turn our gaze inwards and for each people to examine its public life.

I shall start with an exceedingly fruitful distinction drawn by Sir Henry Maine: "When society progresses from status to contract, we begin a new evolution in group life." There were, of course, earlier instances of such progress, in the magnificent republics

described by the Buddhist scholars in India, in the Greek civilization and partly in the Roman. I shall, however, rule out these as grand exceptions, and start with the progress in recent centuries from customs or status to contract in society as a whole, both in the West and in the East.

Under the ancient régime custom was king, but later on custom was overpowered by religion. When religion conquers custom, you can easily see what can become of secular political evolution. I do not want to say anything about the character of the various religions. I shall only remind you of what it means for religion to overpower human activity. The Hindu does not need to be reminded that even his breath he is supposed to draw for the sake of religion, if not in its name. This dominance in various forms continued right up to the days of the Renaissance. It was declining up to the 19th century and then we come to the breaking of customs; the breaking of all kinds of blind faith which put customs above individual initiative.

It is only when we proceed from status or customs to contract that we emphasize the individual and it is only when we recognize the worth of the individual that we have the beginning of democracy. It is then that it is useful to begin our study of the various currents in public life, for it is only then that they assume distinct forms determining social evolution. Then we have social evolution, political progress and economic development. Each may be regarded as a separate current, determining, as it were, the course of another evolution.

Let us bear in mind these various currents of various peoples, though we need not go into their different stages or forms. They are as various as the Americans, the Australians, the French and the English. Each has certain recognizable characteristics, *i.e.*, the American has become strongly individualistic.

But I would merely ask you to keep the development of these various peoples in mind. I shall take the common features which have determined the characteristics of public life among them all. All these peoples have developed a common trend in their group or public conduct, and their political evolution has common features which it is useful and necessary for us to analyze, so that we may profit by their experience.

Thus, religions were subordinated to the individual. It was not that there were no religious organizations, but religious matters were left to each person and, further, social customs and social beliefs bifurcated from religion. It was largely because of this development that men succeeded not in exorcizing custom altogether, but in minimizing the tyranny of custom. There was also free growth of mind. The free growth of the human spirit undoubtedly had led to many mistakes, but experience is perhaps the best school, if not for individuals, certainly for a people.

Whatever was given up by way of tradition, was sacrificed to individual initiative. As a result of this, we find the flowering in man's mind of the achievements of science. There was also the development of materialism, which led to a materialistic civilization. Then, apart from the growth of sciences, we come to the second important development, namely, the evolution of certain social values of public conduct

and public morality.

Then, we turn to economic institutions. I say in all humility that if we look at business leadership in our country, the trend and conduct of business as a whole, we find a very gloomy picture. I am not here concerned with the growth of public companies, but with the way they have been run here in contrast to the way they are run in some other countries, *e.g.*, in America. I am not deifying America, but an average business man's attitude in America has been that business is a social undertaking involving responsibilities, obligations and certain standards of conduct by which he will always be judged.

Another form of development is the Civil Service, on the importance of which in public life I lay great emphasis. It is exceedingly important for a people to realize that the Civil Service is not merely an asset of the realm, but is also an undercurrent which moulds the character, the output and also the trend of evolution of a political organization. The Civil Service is a body of men who must be regarded as responsible not merely to the Government, but also to the people, responsible not merely for the present but also for the future ; and who take it upon themselves to see that there is a certain form and character of Government which they shall not either debase by their own conduct or allow to be debased by inferior conduct within their purview.

The Jury system is a slightly technical question into which I shall not go in detail. But the Jury system itself is a kind of continuous education, which assists the progress of a people.

These forms show that there is a common evolutionary trend in the political life of these peoples, to which very serious thought ought to be devoted. The examples set by these countries are interrelated, as are the cumulative gains from experience of these types of social evolution.

In a democratic organization, there is, firstly, the rule of law. Then there are political parties. Thirdly, there is agreement even amongst opposing parties on certain fundamentals of government, on what they call its basic realities. And, fourthly, there is a mobile body of public opinion.

I have given a rapid survey of the currents that make public life, and the trends that have gone to form it. What about India ? If I go back to the definition " from status to contract," I must go to the 18th or 19th century. And here India was caught in a very unfortunate accident in her evolution. We met, as it were, the onslaught of the coming generation of a rising people, which, with all its vigour and imagination and might, took command of our civilization ; we were prostrate not merely culturally but politically also. When I describe this as an accident, I have in mind a conquered people, politically disintegrated from the time of Asoka, a people who had built up a civilization altogether different in most respects from the new forces of internationalism.

I do not want to repeat here the history of the East India Company ; all that they did they must have done out of patriotism for their country. But what I am concerned with now is the terrible reaction on the main currents of our public life and public opinion and, what is more, apart from our political life being almost complete-

ly disintegrated, what we lost in the character of our leadership. The leadership in our country was contaminated by the particular kind of tradition which the East India Company left. I repeat that my analysis is confined to the moulding of public life ; I leave the other currents of historical judgment aside. One result of all these happenings, you will find, was that we lost all sense of parties. Then we had the Congress in 1885. Most people know that it was the Congress which was responsible for India's acquiring its present status. For all its recent shortcomings, it did, from 1885 to 1947, build up a kind of a leadership, a kind of political organization, which brought us freedom.

The Congress aside, however, there is the matter of leadership. There are leaders who carry on their routine life, go in the evening to address a meeting and, after they return home, forget their concern for the people. There was, of course, one man who must be excluded from this and most of my succeeding remarks. Probably no other man in Indian history can excel him. But, in general, leadership did not involve leading but creating leaders. In the political evolution of the 19th century we lost all parties and we had heroes. There was quantity in leadership apart from quality, in all walks of life. I am convinced that this generalization gives a correct picture.

In most of our institutions, even the educational ones, we have developed a form of management which we call the managing agency. If those who occupy power run an institution well, then of course the result is good, but very often the interest of the institution is made subordinate to their own. There has been a complete change of attitude in regard to our universities. There is a crisis in university education also in England and in the U.S.A.

Then, finally, the Civil Service. I am second to none in my admiration for some of the flowers of the Civil Service today, but I cannot subscribe to the reasoning of some of the authorities now in the rooms of the Imperial Secretariat. I submit that the attitude towards Civil Service is bad.

What are the remedies? What, for instance, about the problem of leadership? In all walks of life, so far as our topmost leaders are concerned, we have been lucky. My only quarrel is where the second line is concerned. I have watched, not merely with admiration and awe, but with utter dismay, the 18 hours a day which our Prime Minister works. These leaders, however, call themselves the servants of their people and therefore as masters you are entitled to ask them, "Where are your Deputy Ministers?" Take the famous institution of Secretaryships. Some of the men who have occupied the highest positions in England had been Private Secretaries of public men ; where is that institution in our country?

There is one thing I put forward as a suggestion ; another equally important suggestion I want to offer is for a public body like the Servants of India Society in the real sense. Somehow or other we need the re-establishment of the Servants of India Society, a body of men who will be respected and deserve respect.

The organization of parties, too, has not received the importance it should receive. Who has taken the place of

the Leader of the Opposition? An Opposition Party can be constructed with concerted public opinion.

In business leadership, also, apart from the topmost men we have again no second line of defence. Here also the business leader, as in a capitalistic country, must regard his contribution to the community as more important than his own profits.

I emphasized the change in our university life and in the ideals of university education. It is not merely the public that have to change their attitude to these. I have often been asked what the contribution of the physical sciences is. May I know, what we, as the public, have deserved to get out of these men of science? What have we done for them? We have either tried to buy them or have exploited their intelligence as business men have done. Therefore, we must have a complete change in regard to these institutions.

Finally, there are our non-official public bodies. It is time that these took to mobilizing public opinion. The Indian Institute of Culture is one body which can devote itself to this kind of thing and invite the public to come and frame their judgments on men and affairs in an intelligent manner. We want these public non-official bodies not only to have an educative value, but also to make the constructive contribution which they are in the best position to make.

M. C. MUNSHI

THE LIGHT OF GANDHIJI

Vincent Sheean harassed by the overbearing materialism of the West, came to India to meet Gandhiji. Arriving shortly before Gandhiji met his death in New Delhi, Sheean found through his contact with him, soul satisfaction and a solution to many of the problems of life. The result was a far-reaching inner change. This book *Lead, Kindly Light*. By VINCENT SHEEAN. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 397 pp. 1950. 17*s*. 6*d*.) is an account and an interpretation of Sheean's brief conversations with Gandhiji, conversations with many important implications. It includes a biography of Gandhiji, plus a study of the spiritual and intellectual climate of India—in such a climate, Sheean believes, the world could live at peace.

While reading the book one feels as if he were listening by the fireside to a friend's tale of his voyage of self-discovery. Indeed, instead of discussing with Gandhiji Tolstoy's work, *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, as the author had intended to do on the fateful 30th of January, 1948, he realized that Gandhiji had already enshrined this truth in his labour for the relief and reconstruction of humanity.

G. M.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Silver Jubilee Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress, held at Calcutta from December 20th to 24th under the presidency of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, was a meeting of minds to the success of which several distinguished foreign scholars as well as many Indians contributed.

The important rôle which philosophy has to play in the modern world was brought out in Dr. Radhakrishnan's Presidential Address, when he declared :—

> The philosophers of the world should strive to sustain the new world with faith, to produce the men who subordinate national, racial and religious divisions to the ideal of humanity. That is the message which our old wisdom gives.

A feature of the session was, appropriately, the presentation to its President of a volume of *Comparative Studies in Philosophy*, 21 essays prepared by Eastern and Western scholars in commemoration of his 60th birthday. In addition, a sumptuous " Silver Jubilee Commemoration Volume was ready as a souvenir of the session; and also Part I of the *Proceedings*, containing a number of the papers submitted.

Prof. Olivier Lacombe attended the session as the representative of Unesco, whose Director-General, Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, sent an inspiring message for the occasion, in which he brought out the need for philosophy to throw light on the ends to be pursued in Unesco's effort to promote the well-being of mankind,

> and ensure that our choice of means does not imperil the very ends we seek.... Unesco is seeking to help the formation of a spiritual movement uniting all the great forces which can ensure the moral solidarity of mankind....

That end the Jubilee Session also served, with its independent lectures and several symposia : on Philosophy and—Physics, Biology, Social Hygiene, and Law, respectively; " The Fundamentals of Living Faiths "; " Has Aurobindo Refuted Mayavada ? " and " The Place of the Philosopher in Modern Society. " Among the several participants in the last-named symposium were A. R. Wadia, H. D. Bhattacharyya and Sophia Wadia, who was a delegate and represented The United Lodge of Theosophists, Bombay, The Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore, and The P. E. N. All-India Centre, Bombay.

In a broadcast from the East Regional Service, reproduced in *The Bombay Chronicle* of January 8th, E. P. Gee brings out the wanton destruction brought about by human ruthlessness and greed in such beautiful and inoffensive species of animals as deer. Some types of deer formerly common throughout India have become rare; he mentions especially the handsome brow-antlered deer called *Thamin*, simple and confiding, hence an easy prey; and the shy little musk deer. It

is reckoned, for example, that as many as 15,000 musk deer were trapped in one year, about a quarter of a century ago, in the area between India and China. The musk gland on the abdomen of the male of this species is the source of the musk so much in demand by perfume makers. Scientists are said to have produced artificial and synthetic musks which are nearly as good as the natural musk, but the latter is still in demand and the species seems doomed to destruction unless promptly protected.

Mr. Gee's proposal for investigation into the possibilities of removing the coveted musk pod by a painless operation which would not involve the destruction of the animal and would make lucrative musk-deer farming practicable is well-intended. But it is based on the same materialistic assumption that man is justified in exploiting every creature below him on the evolutionary ladder. It is perhaps vain to expect the concept of *Noblesse oblige* in relation to the lower manifestations of the One Life to enter the consciousness of men who show so little pity for their human "enemies." But there is a basic relation between the two types of cruelty; and "peace on earth, goodwill to men" will remain a pious hope until compassion and a reverence for *life* replace the present general assumption that might makes right.

"Ibn Gabirol's Poem Beginning 'Ahavtikha...'" is the subject of an illuminating article by Frederick P. Bargebuhr in the November *Review of Religion* (New York). The 11th-century Jewish poet-philosopher, though some of his compositions found place in the liturgy of the synagogue, was no orthodox sectarian as is proved by his philosophical masterpiece, the *Fons Vitæ*, as also by this poem of eight couplets, which has a depth wholly disproportionate to its length. The reference to God in one couplet as "that Universe in Whose hand the universe lies" excludes the idea of a personal God. So the orthodox belief in creation out of nothing is denied by the suggestion that, as Mr. Bargebuhr puts it, "a yearning to be formed by the creator fills all the formless matter in the universe." Another couplet implies that truth has to be lived in order to be won. Writes Mr. Bargebuhr:—

> ...the teaching of this poem is a universal one, as is that of his magnum opus, the *Fons Vitæ*, which includes no biblical quotations. This is the philosophical language of the Mediterranean world, a language which goes beyond the borders of nations and religions, following the traditions of the ancients.

He finds its reserved expression "characteristic of the language of the enlightened, who can and must limit themselves to suggestions and hints, because they know they will be understood by persons of their own kind in spite, or even because, of their veiled language. Thus they speak only for these persons."

In the couplet

> *In Whose hand lies the universe*, said sages,
> *that Universe holds all its explanation*—

the appeal to authority is certainly not to the Hebrew patriarchs and prophets. To whom, then? Perhaps to find the answer it would be necessary to go even farther back than the Neo-Platonic influences which Mr. Bargebuhr recognizes, to a more ancient, Eastern source of these teachings of that eclectic and pantheistic school.